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WHEN I'M BALD.

There's a question I would mention
If you'll listen, wife, to me,
For a fearful apprehension
Now and then creeps over me;
When our lives have reached the summit
And the turning-point is called,
And Old Age begins to eye us,
Will you love me if I'm bald?

When no more your gentle fingers
Wander through my waving hair;
But go groping through the vastness
Of the whiteness of the whair;
When Old Time's fantastic fingers
O'er my face his name has scrawled,
Do you think that you can love me
Just the same if I am bald?

When my brow shall shame the tombstone
As it rises bland and bare,
Write thereon: "This slab is sacred
To his late lamented hair."
Like a grinning skull I'll haunt you
Till your senses stand appalled.
Can you brave the test, my darling,
Will you love me when I'm bald?

When my present jetty ringlets
Have not died, but gone before,
And until I go to meet them
They will come—ah!—nevermore,
When the ifies of fifty summers
O'er my helpless pate have crawled,
And I have to wear a nightcap,
Will you love me when I'm bald?
—Yankee Blade.

SQUARING THINGS.

How a Sharp Schemer Was Neatly Outwitted.

Herbert Denison placed up and down the small room that had been the especial sanctum of his brother-in-law, Tom Thorpe, his brows knit in perplexed thought, his fingers nervously rattling his watch-chain. Jessie, his only sister, Tom Thorpe's widow, was sobbing on the sofa.

"Jessie, dear," he said, presently, "it is cruel to make you talk, but if I could only get some really clear idea of the business, I might, perhaps, help you."

Jessie sat up, and tried to still the sobs that the talk about her husband—not yet a month dead—had called forth. She was a woman with fair hair and blue eyes, and young enough still to make her deep widow's mourning doubly pathetic.

"About the house?" she said.

"Yes. You say it is almost paid for?"

"The price was six thousand dollars for the house and grounds. There is a very large orchard and vegetable garden, besides the garden in front. Tom was to pay for it just as he could, but not less than three hundred a year. We were so anxious to have a home of our own, Bert, that we worked very hard for it, and that is the reason I know all about it. I put all my writing money in, too; not a vast sum, to be sure, but it helped along."

"And you are sure there were five thousand dollars paid to Mr. Paxon?"

"I am positively certain of it."

"And the receipts are lost?"

"Lost! Gone entirely. Bert, I never dared say it, for I can not prove it, but I firmly believe Mr. Paxon stole Tom's receipt book."

"Why?"

"Well, he is a man who is not much respected, and there have been several stories told about him that throw a doubt over his honesty. Still, he keeps clear of the law. Tom took the receipts for the payments on the house in a small red account-book that had nothing else in it. That day—no, I am not going to cry again, dear—that dreadful day, he sent word to Mr. Paxon that he would pay him five hundred dollars. He had sold a lot of wool, and I had two hundred dollars saved. I know he had it when Mr. Paxon came. Then there was that dreadful hemorrhage, and how could we think of any thing but Tom for the next three days? But, Bert, Mr. Paxon was alone with him when he was taken ill and gave the alarm. There was nothing to prevent his slipping the receipt-book into his pocket, and I believe he did it. It can not be found, and Mr. Paxon would not dare to assert that he has never been paid any thing but rent for the house, if he did not *know* I can not produce the receipts."

"H'm! Yes, I see! But one can not accuse a man of such a crime as that without some proof."

"I understand that. I think he intended, if Tom got better, to pretend it was a mistake, or he might have meant to cheat him."

"Was there never any witness to the payments?"

"No. He would come over, or Tom would go to him and pay whatever we could spare. But I have seen the receipts often! And think, Bert, how that five thousand dollars would help me now!"

Bert did think of it! He was a young man who had made for himself a home in a Western State, over which he had asked his widowed sister to preside. He had come to her with open hands and heart, to offer a home to her and her two boys, knowing that his brother-in-law had lived upon his salary as a clerk in a wholesale house. But he had found that these two by close economy, by Tom's experiments in sheep-raising, and Jessie's contributions to magazine literature, had nearly secured a home of their own, when a sudden rupture of a blood-vessel had ended life for one, and left the other desolate.

Many long talks the brother and sister had about this cruel wrong pressing upon her, but arriving always at the conclusion that only the finding of the receipt-book could help her. They were still talking, in the room that Tom had devoted to his wife's literary labors and his own business affairs and dignified by the name of library, when Bert, pointing to the wall, said:

"Where on earth did you ever get that horrid daub, Jessie? What is it?"

"The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," said Jessie, smiling. "It is a daub, Bert, but Tom was fond of it for the sake of his only brother, who painted it. Poor Fred! He imagined himself a great artist, and this picture a masterpiece. But after vainly trying to sell it, he gave it to Tom. It was a dreadful job to get it up, and you see it takes all the space on that side of the room. How we are to get it down is a mystery."

"Do you value it?"

"No! I scarcely knew Fred, who died ten years ago, and the picture is frightful."

"H'm! I think I see a light!" said Bert, musingly. "Well, dear, as there is nothing to be gained by staying here, how soon will you be ready to go to Scrantonville with me?"

"I will begin to pack to-day."

It proved to be a tedious job to gather all the household goods into traveling compass, to start off box after box, to take leave of neighbors, and make preparations for the long journey and new home. But Jessie found comfort in constant work, and the next week most of her packing was finished.

But the day before that appointed for their start Bert sent for Mr. Paxon to make one more appeal to his honesty. There was a long, rather stormy interview in the dismantled library, where only the huge painting and two chairs had been left. Bert had left the room under some pretense of questioning his sister, and Mr. Paxon was peeping about in a Paul Pry way that Jessie had told her brother was habitual with him, when he made a discovery. There was an ugly space in a recess, where Tom Thorpe's stationary desk had stood for ten long years against the wall. Scraps of paper and string, torn envelopes, all the *debris* of packing, were scattered about, but wedged into the top of the mop-board was an envelope, almost concealed, that Mr. Paxon was sure contained an inclosure. Warily he crept up to it, seized it and found it a sealed envelope directed:

"*To Jessie, my wife. To be opened only after my death.*"

He crammed it hastily into his pocket, and when Bert returned took his departure. Something important must be in that paper that had evidently slipped out of the desk when it was moved and escaped observation. But the disclosure was a startling one. Without any scruples of honor or honesty, Mr. Paxon broke the seal and read:

"DEAR JESSIE: It has been long known to you, dear, that my life was a precarious one, and you will not be surprised that I have made a little provision for you and the children. Poor Fred left me ten thousand dollars in United States bonds, and, unwilling to trust it to any bank, I have hidden it away in the lower right-hand corner of the picture he gave me. The interest will run on until you take the envelope from its hiding place, as no one else will ever move the picture. Forgive me for keeping this one secret from you. TOM."

No one else! Why, they might tear it down any moment. A cold sweat broke out all over the rascal's body. All his hoarded wealth, the result of scheming, cheating, saving, was as nothing compared with this newly-discovered treasure. Nobody else must find those bonds!

But when he returned to the house he found every thing in hurried confusion, and Bert issuing hurried orders.

"I can't talk to you now," he said, as Mr. Paxon came up. "I am obliged to leave on the 7:40 p. m. train from B——, and it is nearly two o'clock now. There is still a wagon-load to go, and the children and Jessie are getting dressed for the carriage at three o'clock."

"But I must speak to you."

"And that confounded picture has to be packed, too!" cried Bert, bustling into the house. "Here, some of you fellows, bring a step-ladder!"

"No! no!" cried Mr. Paxon. "I—I came over to see if I couldn't buy that picture."

"Buy it!" Bert cried. "You might as well ask Jessie to sell you one of her boys! Why, her dear brother-in-law painted it!"

"But it looks so well where it is, and will be so awkward to move!" cried Mr. Paxon, watching with horror Bert's preparations to tear the painting from the wall. "I will give you a good price."

"How much? But I am sure Jessie will never part with it."

"Five hundred dollars."

"Bah!"

"A thousand

"A thousand dollars for such a work of art as that! Why, man alive, if Jessie ever could part with it it ought to bring five times that sum!"

"Five times that sum! Five thousand dollars!" cried Mr. Paxon.

"Certainly!" said Bert, coolly. "But we do not wish to sell it at all. Come, hurry up! Take out the top nails very carefully, there."

"I'll give you five thousand for it!" cried Mr. Paxon, desperately, rapidly calculating the ten years' interest on the bonds.

"But we leave here in half an hour. You don't carry five thousand dollars round in your pocket, do you?"

"No, but I carry my check-book. I'll give you a check!"

"Won't do! I can not stop to cash it."

"I'll run over to the bank with it myself."

"Well, you haven't much time. You get the money, and I'll speak to Jessie while you are gone. I'm not sure she will take it!"

Off darted Mr Paxon, and Bert hurried the last boxes on the wagon and sent it off just as the carriage drove up. Jessie and the boys were already seated when Mr. Paxon came round the corner, actually carrying the money in his hands.

Very carefully Bert counted it, the crisp notes for five hundred dollars each, that represented the exact sum that Tom had paid the rascally landlord for the house his widow was leaving.

"Correct," he said, presently. "There is no need of a receipt. You can see the picture through the window. Good-bye!" The carriage whirled off, and Mr. Paxon entered the empty house. The workmen had gone with the wagon, but when he pulled the corner of the canvas, he found it already loosened from the frame. A large, yellow envelope, with three immense red seals, was behind it, and with trembling fingers he tore it open. A long slip of paper was the only inclosure, and half-fainting, the disappointed schemer read:

"This makes our account square."—Anna Shields, in N. Y. Ledger.

The Agent Met Her Match.

"I was settling down to work," said a business man to a Boston Globe reporter, "when a pretty woman entered my office. No one would suspect that she was a book-agent. She placed a volume in front of me and began to talk. I told her I would not buy the book if I really wanted it. 'Never mind,' said she, gaily. 'It won't cost you any thing to look at it.'

"As she desired, I did look at it. I read the introduction and then chapter 1. It was about ten o'clock when I opened the book. At eleven o'clock the pretty book-agent had become uneasy. I never raised my eyes. Another hour and she was pacing up and down the floor. At one o'clock, when she had nearly worn herself out, I laid the book down, and, putting on my hat and coat, said to the thoroughly-exasperated woman: 'That's a clever book; I regret that I can not read more of it, but I must go away to dinner.'

"She was mad, but she didn't say a word. Grabbing the book, she shoved it into her sachel and make for the street."

—Chorus of Coquettes—"Let us each be up and doing with a fate for any heart."—Washington Post.

THE RUN OF 67.

A Wild Race with a Runaway Freight Train.

"Want to hear how a man of my age happened to have gray hair? Well, of course you know it's premature. I am only twenty-seven. It was six years ago, and this is how it happened."

Having often wondered how it was that Harry Bally should possess a head of hair the color of clean cotton and the stoop of a man of sixty, while still young in years, it was with a feeling of satisfaction that I prepared to listen to the explanation:

"It was in Colorado, on one of the wildest and roughest railroads I know of. The scenery was similar to that of the Denver & Rio Grande on Dump mountain.

"At the bottom, the road-bed was forced in against the opposite mountain by a noisy little river, that ran some thirty feet below. There were three tracks on the mountain side, and, standing on any one of the three, the other two could be seen.

"The road was stocked with Baldwin engines, and, to facilitate the climbing of the heavy grades, they had small driving-wheels.

"I was fireman on 67, which was used in the passenger service. She had the largest drivers on the road, and they only measured forty-eight inches in diameter.

"Matt Irwin was the engineer. He was a crabbed, cross, little, old man, with a bald head and an iron nerve. He had been on the road ever since it had been constructed, and seemed to think that the officers should respect him—which they did in a way—instead of vice versa.

"Sixty-seven had just been housed after a run. I was filling the oil-cans and Matt was hauling off his overalls, when Mr. Fox, the superintendent, climbed into the cab.

"After a few commonplace remarks, he asked, abruptly:

"'Matt, how soon can 67 go out?'

"'Just as soon as I can pull on my overalls,' was the reply. 'Her steam hasn't been blown out yet, and her fire hasn't been drawn.'

"The superintendent looked at both of us rather hard, as though he was sizing us up, and then he said, awful solemn:

"'Matt, you've been with us a long time. You've been tried and not found wanting. To-night we call on you to perform the most dangerous piece of work yet. Will you do it?'

"Matt's eyes looked as large as saucers in the dim light of the cab. I confess I was trembling myself.

"'What is it?' he asked.

"'There's been a big mistake made in the higher offices—but that is not for us to criticise—and there is but one way to rectify it.' Here the superintendent's voice dropped to a whisper. 'One hundred and fifty thousand dollars in gold has got to be in B—— before midnight, to connect with the Eastern express, and you're the man selected to take it through.'

"Old Matt showed his astonishment with his eyes, but never opened his mouth. As for me, I was so excited by this time that I had to stop my work, because I poured more oil on the floor than I did in the cans.

"'As I said before,' went on the superintendent, 'it's dangerous business. There are men in town to-night who, if they knew the nature of this run, would ditch you to secure the fortune. Guards would only excite suspicion, and if you left the track anywhere between Haversack grade and the bottom, one man would be as good as fifty, for none could escape. You'll—'

"'I'll go,' said old Matt, straightening up.

"'And your fireman?'

"'I'll take Harry, here. It's going to be a dark run to-night, and I don't want strange hands about the engine. We understand each other.'

"That was as fine a compliment as Matt ever gave, and I felt proud. But I was only little potatoes in this deal. The superintendent merely glanced at me, and, turning to Matt, continued:

"'A lone engine might create suspicion, so we'll make up a wild freight. They'll all be empties. Back down to the offices before you couple on, and we'll put the safe under the coal in the tender.'

"That was all. He jumped off and disappeared. For some time Matt and I sat staring at each other, then he slid off his seat and said:

"'This won't do! Supper, Harry—supper! We haven't much time to lose. It only lacks a few minutes of six. Be back before the quarter.'

"The wind was whistling among the cars, whisking the dust and papers about, while in the south a big black cloud was coming up, resplendent with chain lightning. Altogether, the night promised to be unusually bad.

"I was back on time, but Matt was there before me. He had lighted the shaded steam-gauge lamp, and stood scanning a small piece of pasteboard.

"'What do you make of this, Harry?' he asked, as I climbed up beside him. 'I found it pinned to my cushion.'

"On it was scrawled, with a lead pencil, the words:

"'Danger! Don't pull the wild freight to-night if you value your lives.

"'A TRUE FRIEND.'

"'I make it that some one besides the superintendent and us knows of it,' I replied, the cold shivers beginning to chase each other up my spinal column. 'There's danger ahead!'

"'Aye, there is danger, my boy,' and old Matt spoke softer than I had ever heard him before. 'If you want to—'

"'I'll go where you lead,' I replied, quickly, knowing what he was going to say.

"'Then we'll go through if it takes the wheels out from under! Ring up the wipers!'

"And, without waiting for the hostler to run the engine out, old Matt backed her on to the turn-table, where the wipers swung her around, and then we backed down to the offices, where four trusty men soon had the square safe under the coal.

"A few minutes later we were coupled on to a half-dozen empty freight cars and a caboose.

"'There's your orders!' cried Jimmy O'Connor, the conductor, shoving up the yellow sheets of tissue-paper.

"Old Matt looked them over and we began to move out of town.

"'We've got a clear track,' he said, looking across at me; and then he drew up the corners of his mouth, and I looked for a quick run.

"Before we reached the outskirts of the town the rain began to come down in a perfect deluge. Great drops, mixed with hail, and in such quantity that the dry drains were soon transformed into raging creeks.

"The wind howled and shrieked above the rumble of the train and threatened to lift 67 off the rails. When the telegraph poles began to snap off Matt's face began to lengthen.

"'Good night for wash-overs,' he said. 'And wash-overs are as bad as washouts!'

"It was all down grade and all the steam used was to run the air-pump. I had only to keep the fire alive.

"Eight miles down we ran past a small station where a freight train was side-tracked. It had perhaps a dozen cars.

"Just before we reached it I saw a man dart in between two of the cars to escape the head-light.

"I thought him either a trainman or a tramp, but have since changed my mind.

"We were half way down the Haversack grade, with a straight stretch of track and a long curve before us, when Matt looked across and said:

"'I'm afraid the little pasteboard was only a scare. If—'

"There was the flash of a light behind, the rattle of coal, and Bob Duncan, the forward brakeman, stood in the cab. His face was as white as a sheet.

"'Shut her down—shut her down, for Heaven's sake!' he shouted. 'A freight's broke loose and is coming down the grade two miles a minute!'

"Before you could snap your fingers my face was as pale as Bob's.

"Matt Irwin never lost his head, and, with a coolness that comes to few men in a time of danger, he asked: 'How do you know?'

"'Seen her by a flash of lightning. O'Connor and Billy have jumped!'

"And then he swung out on the step and disappeared.

"'Jump, if you want to, Harry,' called old Matt. 'I'm going to stick to her!'

"I gave one look at the Egyptian darkness and concluded that I would stay with old Matt.

"'Keep your eye peeled for her,' he cried, and commenced to let 67 out.

"'There she is!' I shouted.

"And there it was, sure enough. It had just come out of a cut. One of the boxes was on fire, the flame streaming back half a car length and cutting through the air like a meteor.

"'She's four miles behind,' said old Matt, 'and coming four feet to our one. If we can get around the curve there's a show of her jumping.'

"And then began that terrible ride.

"He hooked 67 up to the first notch and opened the throttle.

"With seven cars behind we shot down the grade of one hundred and seventy-five feet to the mile.

"67 set low in her frame; but every low joint rung her bell for an eighth of a mile. She jumped and swayed and threatened to leave the rails. The wind shrieked around us like a thousand demons, and the rain poured against the windows in a perfect stream.

"'There's danger ahead and death behind,' shouted the old engineer. 'If the rain loosens a bowlder and drops it on the track—'

"I shuddered. There was the blasted pine that marked the curve. The next second we reached it. For a moment I thought it was all over. Then 67 righted. There was a sharp jerk. We forged ahead faster, and our seven cars cleared the road-bed and went down the bluff with a crash that was heard high above the storm, leaving a clean track for the runaway behind, that was coming as swift and sure as death.

"If the runaway got around the curve, the probabilities were that we would be knocked from the track into the river.

"We were very near to the bottom now, where the road-bed followed the river, and engineers were cautioned not to run over fifteen miles per hour.

"But orders were not respected that night. We were making thirty miles an hour when a flash of lightning showed me that dark string of cars coming around the curve. The blazing box was on the opposite side and invisible.

"Old Matt gave 67 the steam so suddenly she seemed to jump from under us; but the runaway was not more than half a mile behind and coming with the speed of a tornado.

"There was no getting out of the way. In a moment it would be on us. I imagined I could see the black mass coming down on us in the darkness, when a heavy rumble was heard, followed by a tremendous crash.

"The rain had loosened the rock and dirt overhanging the track, and it only needed the jar of the passage of 67 to set it in motion.

"Something like a thousand tons of debris rolled on to the track directly behind us, and into this those runaway cars plunged.

"But we did not find this out until afterward. Matt kept 67 up to what was a tremendous speed on that track. She plunged and rolled and rang her bell continually. A dozen times I thought we were going into the river.

"We pulled through all right; but that was my last trip. When I got off the engine my hair was streaked with gray, and now it is as white as snow.

"For some time it was thought that the runaway cars had broke loose; but the company became suspicious and had the case looked into with the result of running down some tough characters, who finally confessed to cutting them loose with the intention of ditching us between Haversack grade and the bottom and securing the treasure.

"Old Matt has retired from the road; but I do not think that either he or I shall ever forget 'the run of 67.'"—W. F. Bruns, in Golden Days.

Singular Pension Claim.

A very singular pension application comes from Bradley County, Tenn. The petitioner avers that when he was a boy of thirteen an engagement between Union and Confederate cavalry occurred in his village, which so frightened him that he has not been right since. He claims that he lost a straw hat, has no inclination for work, and dislikes to get up in the morning, for which he holds his scare responsible.

An Incensed Preacher.

A Montreal clergyman was recently invited to marry a couple, the bride being his particular friend. The bridegroom, however, did not appear, and the minister was so incensed that he hunted him up the next day and gave him a sound thrashing.

THE BALD-HEADED MAN.

One would think to read the papers discoursing on the fly,
The grounds for his creation and the various reasons why,
That the underlying motive, the real objective plan,
Was to get another whack at
The bald-headed man.

Now the fly is no respecter of persons or of pates;
He lights wherever fancy or the scent of game dictates;
His object is to suck up all the juices that he can,
And he is no Nemesis of
The bald-headed man.

The fly has been created for a scientific use,
And there is no use of hunting up a thinly-clad excuse;
He was made to give reporters, ever since the world began,
Another chance to ridicule
The bald headed man.

You may talk of sticky paper and lay trains of dynamite,
But the fly will live and flourish, as he always has, in spite,
And the paragraphing punsters from Boerschba to Dan
Will keep up their persecution of
The bald-headed man.

But let them all remember there was once a prophet old
To whom the sportive urchins, in wickedness made bold,
Remarked: "Go up, thou bald-head!" when out the big bears ran
And swallowed up the scoffers of
The bald-headed man.
—Judge.

A FARMER'S WIFE.

Why Kate Blesses a Hardened Old Uncle.

"I never saw such lovely woods in all my life!" said Kate Blessington. "Wintergreen and slender-stemmed wild-flowers, and gray, old, fallen logs hidden in ferns, and merry little tinkling brooks! And Charley has showed me where there is an ice-cold spring under the rocks, and a cave where the Indians used to hide in Revolutionary times!"

"Humph!" said Mrs. Daggett, knitting away as if each separate needle were freighted with electricity.

"And we're going to have a picnic to-morrow, all by ourselves," went on Kate, carelessly swinging her broad-brimmed hat by one ribbon. "Charley and I. I'm to pick a basket of wild strawberries, and he's to bring rolls and lettuce and hard-boiled eggs, and I shall show him Madranello's recipe for salad-dressing out there, under the trees. And we'll cool a bottle of your currant-wine in the spring and read Shakespeare, under the green vines, with the blue-birds whistling in our ears; and, altogether, it will be just like a dream of Arcadia!"

"Humph!" said Mrs. Daggett.

"That's twice you've uttered that stiff old monosyllable," said Kate, a little piqued. "I wonder what it means!"

Mrs. Daggett looked up at the lovely young thing, in her cool, rustling muslins, and the slender gold chain around her white throat. She "took stock," so to speak, of the dazzling blue eyes and the hair that was like a cloud of crinkly gold, and the pure red-and-white complexion. And she thought of honest, sun-burned Charley at work in the upland grass lots, and the conviction pressed more deeply than ever upon her mind that it was not a fairly-matched contest between her grandson and her city boarder.

"Did you ever read the fable of the 'Boy and the Frogs,' Miss Blessington?" said she.

"Haven't I?" retorted Kate, with a laugh. "Half a dozen times at least. But why do you ask?"

"Because," said Mrs. Daggett, "what was fun to the boys was death to the frogs."

"You mean—"

"I mean," said old Mrs. Daggett, shrewdly eying Miss Blessington over the rims of her silver spectacles, "that what *you* are enjoying so much may be a sorry business for my grandson Charley!"

"What nonsense," cried Kate, "as if I meant any thing!"

"That's just it," said Mrs. Daggett. "You don't mean any thing, but Charley does! Charley is in earnest about every thing!"

"Does he really *dare* to imagine that I would—"

"Stop a minute, my dear, stop a minute," interposed the old lady, whose knitting needles had never for a single moment abated their clicking. "What is he to imagine, when you seek his society, take pleasure in his companionship, and put forth all your attractions to charm him?"

"Because I *do* like him," said Kate.

"And he *loves* you!"

Kate's lip quivered; the deep carmine rushed into her cheek.

"I'm sorry," said she, "I am, indeed. I never thought that—Oh, if I could only put off this picnic business!"

The old lady eyed her still more sharply.

"So he's nothing more than an ordinary acquaintance, to you?" said she.

"I like him," said Kate. "Oh, ever so much! But—I never can be a farmer's wife!"

"There are people in the world worse off than farmers' wives," said Mrs. Daggett.

"Perhaps so," said Miss Blessington, a little haughtily. "But Uncle Orlando has brought me up with far different views. I am to go with him to Europe, and be presented at court by the American Minister's wife. I am to be his heiress, and—"

Mrs. Daggett rose quietly up and laid aside her knitting.

"I must go and see after my roast ducklings and green peas," said she. "And your beautiful bunch of ferns, Miss Blessington, is all wilting, for a lack of a little cold water to put them in."

Kate Blessington went slowly across the wide hall, where the two-hundred-year old Antwerp clock ticked like the fall of ghostly footsteps. At the same moment Charley Daggett came in; a tall, sunburned Apollo, with dark, sparkling eyes and a rich, brown complexion, like a Spaniard's.

"See what I have found up in the fields," said he: "Just in time to escape the scythe! A nest of young robins, which somehow had fallen from the trees."

"Oh, the dear, dear little things," cried Kate, her blue eyes glittering, her damask cheek laid softly against the callow nestlings.

"I thought you would like to see them," said Charley. And then, all in a second, he took both her hands, bird's-nest and all, in his, swayed by a sudden burst of impulse.

"Kate," cried he, "I love you! Oh, my dearest, you must have known it long ago."

But she pulled her hands indignantly away from him.

"How dare you speak so to me, Mr. Daggett?" said she. And the next instant she was gone.

Charley Daggett looked after her with a pained and bewildered face, like one who has received a mortal wound. Was it, then, possible that he had been so fatally mistaken? That all this time Kate Blessington had only been amusing herself at his expense;

"Trying to break a country heart
For pastime, ere she went to town."

While up in her own room Kate Blessington burst into a passion of tears, whether of pain or pleasure, she could hardly tell.

"I liked him so much," she sobbed out. "Oh, I *did* like him so much—and, now— But the idea of his daring to tell me that he loved me! I'll go home to-morrow!"

And the picnic by the mountain spring, whereat Mr. Daggett was to be instructed in the mysteries of Madranello's recipe for salad-dressing, never came to pass.

The old housekeeper in the Fifth avenue mansion stared when she opened the door to Miss Blessington, who had driven up to the front steps in a cab, piled high with luggage, in the purple dusk of the summer evening.

"Is my uncle at home, Priscilla?"

"Well, Miss Kate," stammered the astonished old lady, "he just ain't, and that's a fact!"

"Gone to his club?"

"No, Miss Kate, not exackly."

"Where is he then?"

"Didn't you git his letter, miss?" questioned the old woman.

"I have got no letter. He isn't sick?"

"No, miss, but he's married!"

"Married?"

Miss Blessington sat down in the big hall-chair.

"My uncle? And to whom?

"To Miss Nina Grey!"

"Nina Grey!" gasped Kate. "Priscilla, you must be dreaming. She's younger than I am."

"I ain't, miss, no more'n yourself. He sailed for Europe on Saturday, with his bride. Dear me, here's the letter now, in the rack. I s'posed it had been mailed a week ago."

A cold, clear, cutting letter in which Mr. Orlando Blessington expressed his conviction that in rearing and educating his niece he had done all that could possibly be expected of him. That he had just been married to pretty, little Nina Grey, his partner's youngest daughter, and that hereafter he hoped that Kate would find it convenient to shift for herself, as Nina preferred no divided rule in the Fifth avenue mansion.

Poor Kate!

Once, twice, she read the letter over before she found herself able fully to comprehend its cold, cruel meaning; and then, with her eyes blinded with tears, she turned to Priscilla.

"I may stay here to-night, I suppose?" she said with a quiver in her voice.

"As long as you please, Miss Kate!" cried the old woman.

"No," she returned more firmly; "this is no longer my home. Only—only I have nowhere else to go, just yet, and all this seems so sudden."

Mrs. Daggett could hardly believe her eyes, the next week, when Miss Blessington came back to the old farm-house among the Berkshire hills.

"You are surprised to see me," said Kate, with a faint smile. "But—but things have altered with me. My uncle has married a girl younger than myself, and turned me in a civil sort of way, to be sure—out of doors. I have got to work for my living now. And there are so few things, short of genteel starvation, that a woman can do! So I chanced to remember what you said about a school-teacher being needed at the Hadden Cross Roads public-school, where nobody liked to go, because it was such an unhealthful location, and the scholars all so rough and stupid. But beggars mustn't be choosers, and I thought that perhaps Charley—Mr. Daggett—could see the trustees for me, in a day or two."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Daggett. "And you're kindly welcome, Miss Blessington, back to the old farm."

But Kate cried herself to sleep that first night in the sweet old room, where the sweet-brier bushes sent up so subtle a fragrance, and the walls were papered with blue-and-white stripes.

"So you are back, Miss Blessington?" said Charley, when he met her, the next day.

"Yes, I am back."

"And you want to go to teaching?"

"Yes."

"But I once heard you say you detested school teaching."

"So I do."

"Then why do you teach?"

"Because," confessed Kate, crimsoning, "there is no alternative."

"You would rather teach school than to be a farmer's wife?"

"I haven't said so!" said Kate, biting her lip. "And it's very wicked of you, Charley—Mr. Daggett, I mean—to taunt me so."

"Kate?"

"Well—Charley?"

"Will you be a farmer's wife, *now*?"

"Of course I will be—if you ask me?"

"Because there is no other alternative?"

"No—because I love *you*, Charley!"

So they were married; and Kate has been heard to declare that the kindest office Uncle Blessington ever did her was to send her back to the peaceful old Daggett homestead.

"For," she says, "a farmer's is the most independent life in the world—next to that of a farmer's wife."—Jane A. Lewis, in N. Y. Ledger.

Limits of Natural Vision.

The limits of vision vary with elevation, conditions of the atmosphere, intensity of illumination and other modifying elements in different cases. On a clear day an object one foot above a level plain may be seen at a distance of 1.31 miles; one ten feet high, 4.15 miles; one 20 feet high, 5.86 miles; one 100 feet high, 13.1 miles; one a mile high, as the top of a m

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - OCT. 3, 1890.

Democratic State Ticket.

For Governor,
ROBERT E. PATTISON, of Philadelphia.
For Lieutenant Governor,
CHAUNCEY F. BLACK, of York.
For Secretary of Internal Affairs,
WILLIAM H. BARCLAY, of Allegheny.

Democratic County Ticket.

For Congress,
THOMAS H. GREEVY.
Subject to the decision of Democratic conference.
For Assembly,
M. FITZHARRIS, of Gallitzin.
ED. T. McNEELIS, of Johnstown.
For Treasurer,
CHARLES J. MAYER, of Johnstown.
For Commissioners,
PATRICK E. DILLON, of Elder Twp.
JOHN KIRBY, of Johnstown.
For Auditors,
WILLIAM C. BERRY, of Wilmore,
JOSEPH HIPPS, of Chest Twp.
For Poor House Director,
S. W. MILLER, of Johnstown.

It is generally believed that Mr. Blaine and Czar Reed will lock horns for the control of the Maine delegates to the Republican National Convention of 1892. The fight between these great lights of the G. O. P. will be interesting and to the bitter end when it begins.

THE appropriations made by the first session of the fifty-first congress were $361,311,503. The permanent annual appropriations for the year 1890-91 amount to $101,628,453, making the grand total for one year $462, 939,956; Increase over the fiftieth congress, $40,313,613.

THE huge blast of powder intended to tear out 65,000 tons of rock from the channel at the entrance to Port Crescent, Puget Sound, Washington, was successfully fired Sunday afternoon. The weight of powder used was 32 000 pounds. The blast made an opening of about 125 feet by 72 feet, and was a complete success.

SATURDAY, October 4th, is the last day for the payment of poll tax in order to get a vote at the November election. This year, when Pattison is almost certain to be elected, there should not be a Democratic vote lost. See that your poll tax is paid, and also see that your Democratic neighbor does not neglect to pay his.

EX-GOVERNOR PATTISON, our candidate for Governor has never been beaten at the polls. In 1877 he was elected Controller of the Republican city of Philadelphia by 1902 majority; in 1880 he carried Philadelphia by a majority of 13,593, while in the same year Garfield had a majority in the same city of 20,833; in 1882 he was elected Governor of Pennsylvania by a plurality of 40,202.

ANOTHER attempt was made upon the life of the Russian Czar on Monday. This time the conspirators planned to wreck a train by which it was believed the Czar intended to travel from St. Petersburg to Warsaw. An obstruction was placed upon the track in the shape of five sleepers, which were tightly wedged in between the rails. The train which was supposed to be carrying the Czar crashed into the barricade of sleepers and was thrown from the track.

CONGRESSMAN BUTTERWORTH hit the monopoly tariff fixers right between the eyes, says the Philadelphia *Times*, when he said in a recent speech that the McKinley bill left free the only thing it professed to protect—that is labor. The new monopoly tax tariff restricts trade in everything but labor, and the pauper laborers of Europe—the Hun, the Pole, the Italian—can swarm in by scores of thousands to take the place of American laborers in our highly protected shops and mills.

THE town of Drnja, a place of 4 000 inhabitants, in the Government of Vilna, was destroyed by fire Saturday night. The fire started at midnight, and spread with frightful rapidity, many families being awakened from slumber only to find themselves imprisoned in their burning dwellings. A number of these unfortunates were unable to escape and perished in the flames. The scenes attending the holocaust were of the most heartrendering nature. The Government survivors has been called upon to aid the destitute.

EX-SENATOR J. W. LEE, of Franklin, says that the Republican dissatisfaction extends all over the entire State. "It is not one class or one section of the State that is dissatisfied with Delamater," he says in a Pittsburg interview. "but farmers, oil men, miners, lumbermen and business men generally are in revolt." Reports received from Butler county indicate that the Republican disaffection is so great that the Republican majority of 1370 for Harrison will be turned into a Democratic majority of 500 for Pattison.

C. F. KREBS, of Clarion county, was nominated at Ridgway, on Thursday of last week for Congress to succeed James Kerr, by the Democratic conferees of the Twenty-eighth district. The nomination was made on the fourteenth ballot. Clarion, Forest and Elk counties voted for Krebs, and Clearfield and Centre for Keer. The action of the conference was a surprise, as it had not been thought at any time that Kerr, who is the Democratic State chairman, would have serious trouble in securing a renomination. Kerr owes his defeat to a bargain made at the recent Democratic Senatorial Convention, when Hall, of Elk county, was nominated by the votes of Clarion. In return for this, Elk voted for Krebs for Congress and Forest joined in on the principle that it was well for all the counties of the Senatorial district to stick together.

THE reciprocity clause of the tariff bill, which puts the power of taxation in the discretion of the President, says the Philadelphia *Record*, would not be likely to go unquestioned in case the power should be exercised. The power to levy taxes belongs solely to Congress, and cannot be delegated. It may also be questioned whether the payment of sugar bounties is not a stretch of power beyond the warrant of the Constitution.

The right to lay taxes for the necessary expenditure of the Government has never been denied. But the payment of bounties to favored interests is not a necessary expenditure. It is taking money from one set of taxpayers and paying it over to another set; not indirectly, but directly. Heretofore the Protectionists have been satisfied to confine their operations to indirect benefits brought about by interference with the trade of the country. To obtain revenue has been the excuse for protective robbery. But the sugar schedule of the McKinley bill goes a step further. It provides that the Government shall collect revenue from consumers of tin plate and cotton ties and binding twine, etc., etc., and pay it over to the producers of sugar. This is "Protection for the sake of Protection," pure and simple; and there is no authority for it in the Constitution.

THE Republican conference met on Tuesday evening at the Lloyd House, and are still in session. That is they meet and adjourn from time to time. The one hundred and——ballot resulted the same as the first ballot, 6 for Scull, 3 for Cessna and 3 for Hicks. We have an opinion and we will give it out to our Democratic friends who wish to bet on the result—recollect we are responsible for no bets, for we are opposed to gambling and doubtful things are mighty uncertain—but we give our opinion for what it is worth and it is this: Mr. Cessna is too old, he has the ability to make a Congressman and if he was thirty or forty years younger he would be nominated—but if Mr. Cessna was thirty or forty years younger, he would be a Democrat. Mr. Hicks may have the ability—he is undeveloped—if Mr. Hicks was thirty or forty years older he might be nominated. Mr. Scull is the present Congressman and with Tom Read for Speaker, Mr. Scull don't amount to anything one way or the other—he has dished out the offices satisfactorily to the wire pullers of Cambria and Somerset counties—he has something nice for one delegate from Bedford or Blair and the only question is who is going to get it. Mr. Scull will be nominated when the proper time comes and don't you forget it.

IN several of the speeches which he has delivered recently, says the Philadelphia *Herald*, Candidate Delamater has taken particular care to state that if he is elected he will be no man's Governor. Were it not the custom in Pennsylvania for Republican Governors to be the puppets of some boss it would not be necessary for Candidate Delamater to so freely advertise that he will be his own boss if elected. But to M. S. Quay Delamater owes his nomination, and the tricky Senator has said that if Delamater is elected he will know how it feels to own a real live Governor. In a conflict between Mr. Delamater's will and Quay's orders the people of Pennsylvania know who will come out ahead. Every time that Delamater asserts that if elected he will be free to control his own administration he makes it the more apparent that he himself recognizes the danger of the Quay domination.

THE Floater-Fund Machine has done its work. The tax-Advancing Tariff bill has passed the Senate. The approval of the beneficiary of the campaign of corruption and intimidation will soon make good the promises which raised the money to buy voters in "blocks of five." The country will have an experience of proscriptive commercial and industrial legislation that will be felt with increasing severity until it becomes intolerable. The inconsistent and impracticable features of the law will afford no relief to honest industry or meritorious commercial enterprise. They will for a time bring profit to sharpers, smugglers and their accomplices in office. Only monopolies and tax evadors will prosper through the new system. Soon the consuming masses and the honest workmen and merchants will rise and vote out of existence at once the monopoly tariff and the Floater Fund party.

THE borough authorities after several efforts have discovered a location for the new dam where they will get the least water. Ebensburg is always unfortunate; she has an old cast off fire engine purchased at an exhorbitant price when it was fit only for junk; she has a new dam built only five years ago that is now of no use except as a lasting monument to the stupidity of her officials; and now she will build a reservoir that may serve her present needs, if the people are saving of the supply but built with no calculation for allowing the use of more water. The same parties that were experimenting five years ago are experimenting now and the same result will follow. The money will be spent and the borough have nothing in the end. But the people of Ebensburg are accustomed to being humbugged and are willing to stand it.

THE McKinley tariff bill goes into effect on Monday next and workingmen all over the country from Maine to Florida, may expect a raise of wages, beginning with that date. At least that is what the tariff grabbing monopolists claim the tariff is for—the benefit of the workingmen—but now that the bill is passed, the workingmen may whistle for their share of the spoils.

MR. DELAMATER shaking the hands of the Berks county farmers must have felt something like the culprit who touches the edge of the ax that is to chop his head off. The sturdy farmers of Old Berks have never cast their votes for a Governor of the Delamater pattern.

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 27.—It appears that Quay has reached the limits of his resources in the direction of evolving campaign expedients. His last effort is one that is far more likely to recoil upon him and his candidate Delamater than anything he has yet attempted during the present canvass. It will be recalled that not long since, on a day set apart in the Senate for eulogies to the memory of the late Samuel J. Randall, Mr. Quay made his first public address since he has been a member of that body. It had been carefully prepared, and in substance, was fitting for the occasion. Had this been the end of the matter it would have stood as a credible act in the otherwise unsavory career of the junior Senator from Pennsylvania.

It now transpires that the address in question was delivered from an altogether different purpose than that of doing honor to the memory of Mr. Randall. In short, it was part of a scheme to aid the election of Delamater. The speech of Senator Quay on the occasion mentioned has been printed in pamphlet form by the thousands, and it is to be distributed among all the Randall Democrats in Pennsylvania. The speech will go out with campaign documents, favoring Delamater's election, accompanying them.

In that way Quay hopes to attract the attention of Democrats by dragging from the grave their loved leader, who only so recently was taken from public life. Disaffection being rife in the Republican ranks, Quay and Delamater can only hope to win by dividing the sentiment of the Democrats in the State. That this knave (Quay) should use the memory of one honored, loved, and respected by the Democratic party, is as gross an insult to dead and to living that he could devise.

Randall's record was that of honesty and capacity in the highest degree. Quay's career, from start to finish, has been that of a rascal, who makes but few pretenses of statesmanship, and whose sole success has been as a dishonest political manipulator. To couple Delamater's campaign documents with an eulogy on Samuel J. Randall, is a piece of impudence such as Quay alone would attempt. Every Democrat should rise up in arms against such sacrilege. Every decent Republican should do the same.

Quay's descent as a political figure at the National Capital continues to be marked. While the President was at Cresson, Senator Quay sent a telegram to Private Secretary Halford announcing that he (Quay) would pass through Cresson on his way to Beaver, and would be glad to time his trip so as to have an interview with the President while enroute. There was no occasion in the world for such an interview, except to afford Quay an opportunity to show that he was still received by the President. The scheme did not work. Private Secretary Halford replied that the President had arranged so many excursions into the surrounding country that he could make no arrangements in advance. This is but another evidence that the Pennsylvania Boss is no longer within touch of the Administration. His pull at the public teat is ended, and the sooner the Republicans of the Keystone State cut loose from him the better they will fare.

B. R. W.

THE announcement that John Jarrett, the bogus labor leader, who was given a place in Wales, by Harrison, for his work during the presidential campaign, is coming to Pennsylvania to do what he can to put Delamater in the gubernatorial chair, has revived memories of the first trip Jarett made this country. A gentleman who accompanied him says he came to America from his home in Wales and landed in Duncansville, Blair county, in 1863. The cause of liberty was then imperiled and the Union cause was suffering. Men—broad-shouldered, sturdy men—like Jarrett were needed to crush out treason and rebellion. Drafts were made and liberal bounties were paid to fill out the depleted ranks of the federal forces. But Mr. Jarett waited for neither the draft nor the bounty. Without unpacking his traps, he returned to his home in Wales and remained there fifteen months until the war had been ended.

The anxiety of the honest workingmen of Pennsylvania to hear the voice of this doughty warrior in support of the Quay candidate for Governor is something terrible.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

May Live Another Month.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., September 29.—One hundred and eighty-days of involuntary fasting, without a morsel of food is the record thus far made by Lehigh county's now famous but most unfortunate invalid, Mrs. Adam Wuchter, up at White Hall. Her condition has changed but slightly for the worse since Saturday. Her strength, however, is slowly but surely ebbing away, and her sufferings are extreme. At times she is rational, and expresses her wishes to the family in a faint whisper.

When she was able to talk she requested her attending physician, Dr. Zigler, to keep doctors and other people from coming to the sick room and offering her food and water. Accordingly the physician has so arranged that all medical visitors and others must first apply to him and obtain a pass before they can be admitted. Dr. Zigler is of the opinion that Mrs. Wuchter may survive another month.

THE Quay Republicans are not satisfied by Mr. Emery's affidevits. What they want is affidavits from clergymen, eminent lawyers, Christians and philanthropists who have been offered bribes before they can consent to believe that bribes have, as Emery's evidence would indicate, been offered. This is simply the height of unreason. Do they suppose for an instant that when a briber starts out upon his unholy mission he submits his proposals to men noted for integrity and incorruptibility? We own a modest conviction that the Quay Republicans are not so innocent of the ways of the world in this respect as they seem.

THE Alhambra, the ancient palace of the Moors in spain, has been burned. It was erected between the years 1248 and 1354 and was occupied by the Moors until their expulsion in 1492. It held the second place among the famous ruins of the world and was visited by hundreds of tourists every year. Washington Irving long years ago, spent considerable time in Spain and familiarized himself with its history and traditions and afterward wrote that charming book, "Tales of the Alhambra."

The First Step.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into nervous prostration. You need a nerve tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great nerve tonic and alterative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the liver and kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle Price 50c. at the drug stores of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Doubtful Campaign Ammunition

The Republican organs are resorting to the publication of that photograph of the House, with all the seat vacant on the Democratic side. The New York *Herald*, however, which is at present a Democratic journal on all points except Pennsylvania politics, adopts the Republican policy of forestalling disclosures, by publishing the picture as a Democratic campaign document.

Non-partisan minds will be likely to recognize more force in the *Herald's* view than in the opinion of the Republican politicians. With this picture before them, the voters of the country will be intelligent enough to ask why the seats on the Democratic side were all vacant. The first reply they get may be that the picture was taken in the latter part of September, when, if the majority had been content to attend to the business of the nation instead of wasting time over measures for the benefit of party, all the seats would have been vacant on both sides because the members had gone home.

Pursuing the inquiry the impartial voter is likely to discover that at the time the picture was taken, the Republicans were occupying the time of the nation with unseating a Democrat and seating a Republican, when as one of the leading Republicans declared on the floor of the House, the evidence conclusively showed the Democrat to have been fairly elected. While there may be a doubt whether leaving their seats was the best protest that the Democrats could make, the voter who is affected by a campaign argument of this sort will probably be able to learn that on a legitimate party issue like the tariff bill the Democrats remained in their seats and were contented with voting in the negative.

The right of electing their representatives in the House is one of the rights of the people. It is not probable that the Republicans can attract popular support by exhibiting a picture which calls attention to their act of taking away the elective power from the people and lodging it in the House Committee on Privileges and Elections.—*Pittsburg Dispatch (Rep).*

Eight Were Killed.

ZANESVILLE, Ohio, September 28.—About 1 o'clock this morning a most disastrous freight wreck occurred on the Baltimore and Ohio, near Pleasant Valley, a short distance east of this city. Orders were given east and west bound freights to pass at Black Hand, but Operator Kelly at that place failed to deliver the order to the east bound train. Later he saw his mistake and telegraphed the operator here that there would be a wreck pretty soon and left his post. He is a mere boy. Both engines and a number of cars filled with oats, coke and merchandise were piled up in the greatest confusion.

Eight men were killed, as follows: J. N. Buckingham, engineer; William Firestoone, fireman; Fireman Keller, brakeman; John Cochran, Ben Shurat Gracint; Glen Bash, Zanesville; George W. Stoneburner, Zanesville; Tom McCrary (not found), one unknown. John Kemp, an engineer, had his leg cut off and Fireman Wilson a hand mashed. Those not employed on the train were beating their way from Columbus.

PLATTSBURG, N. Y., September 28.—The regular passenger train on the Chateaugay railroad was wrecked about thirty miles west of here yesterday evening. In addition to the regular train, there were three coaches heavily laden with excursionists from Morrisonville and West Plattsburg. The wreck was caused by a broken journal. The two cars, containing a large part of the excursionists, were derailed and tipped over on the bank. No lives were lost and, so far as can be ascertained, none of the passengers were fatally injured, although many were seriously bruised and badly shaken up.

An Immense Pig Roast.

CHICAGO, Sept. 28.—More than one-half of the extensive stock yards plant and property of the Anglo-American Provision Company was destroyed by fire to-day. The most conservative estimate of the loss is $700,000, the highest, nearly $1,000,000. The property was purchased a few months since by English syndicate. Considerable mystery surrounds the origin of the fire. In the packing house were 9,000 dressed hogs, which had been slaughtered during the past two days, while on the floor of the adjoining warehouse there were 200,000 pounds of sausage in process of curing. On the other floors of this and the adjoining warehouses were stored the product of 90 000 hogs, together with an immense quantity of beef. With this material to feed on the fire raged furiously for hours, and, although 26 of the city engines were called into requisition, it was not until late this afternoon that it was brought under control.

At one time it was feared that the conflagration would cover a greater portion of the packing-house district. Several thousand live hogs were with difficulty saved from warehouse F. The loss proper is fully covered by insurance, but the loss resulting from the suspension of business will be enormous, as the concern has been killing from 4,000 to 7,000 hogs daily and proposed to increase the number to 12,000 in two weeks. Thirteen hundred men are thrown out of employment. A searching investigation into the origin of the fire is to be made.

Back Pensions for All.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 29.—Representative Owen of Indiana to-day introduced a bill providing that all pensions granted to soldiers upon applications filed after July 1, 1880, and which have been granted in consequence of wounds received in the line of duty, shall commence and be paid from the date of the honorable discharge. The Secretary of the Treasury is directed to issue bonds to the amount of $500 000 000 to pay the arrears of pensions, bearing 2½ per cent. interest, payable in 30 years from date. Every soldier or person who may be entitled to receive arrears of pensions under this law may elect to receive such portion thereof in the bonds provided.

Representative Caldwell of Ohio introduced for reference a bill amending the pension law so as to provide that, in considering claims for pensions where the claimant was a slave at the time of the soldier's death under circumstances which would have entitled him to a pension, it shall only be necessary to show that such claimant was at the soldier's death without other means of support than his or her own manual labor and the contributions of his or master.

The New Discovery.

You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery ever after hold a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be afflicted with a cough, cold or any throat, lung or chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time, or money refunded. For sale at the drug stores of E. James, Ebensburg and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

EXPOSITION AT PITTSBURGH, Opens Sept. 3d, Closes Oct. 18th

ADMISSION, 25 CENTS.

Hopper : Bros. : & : Co.

Extend to You a Hearty Invitation when You Visit the City to Call and Examine their Stock of

RED ROOM FURNITURE,

PARLOR FURNITURE,

Carpets, Lace Curtains,
Dining and Kitchen Furniture,
Bedding, Stoves and Ranges.

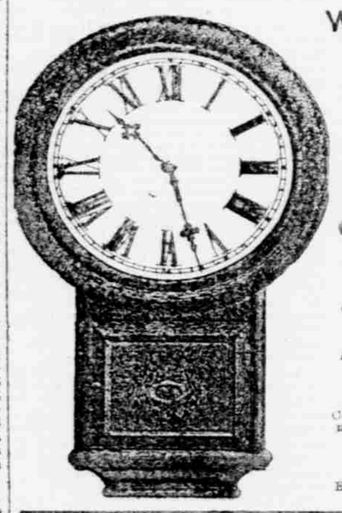
We furnish everything that pertains to the proper furnishing of a house at lower prices than can be had elsewhere in the city.

WE ARE NEAR THE EXPOSITION.

Cars from the B. & O. and P. R. R Depots pass our Doors. Will gladly Give any information necessary.

HOPPER BROS. & CO.,
307 WOOD STREET, PITTSBURG.
sep5 6t

CARL RIVINIUS,
—PRACTICAL—
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
—AND DEALER IN—



Watches, Clocks
—JEWELRY,—
Silverware, Musical Instruments
—AND—
Optical Goods.

Sole Agent
—FOR THE—
Celebrated Rockford
WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Watches.
In Key and Stem Winders.

LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KIND of JEWELRY always on hand.

☞ My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ ALL WORK GUARANTEED ☜
CARL RIVINIUS
Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885-tf.

Eckenrode - & - Hoppel,
—DEALERS IN—
General .·. Merchandise,
CLOTHING, FLOUR, FEED,
Lumber and Shingles. We keep our Stock always Full and Complete. Give us a Call.
Eckenrode & Hoppel,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.

EVERY **WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF**
THAT CAN BE RELIED ON
BE UP TO THE MARK
Not to Split!
Not to Discolor!
BEARS THIS MARK.

TRADE ELLULOID MARK.

NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT.
THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.
mar.28-1y

ONLY $20.00
HIGH ARM,
PHILAD'A
SINGER.

WARRANTED 5 YEARS.
15 DAYS TRIAL.
Has Self-setting Needle, self-threading shuttle, is noiseless and light-running, has the handsomest wood-work, and finest set of extra attachments. Don't pay agents $55 or $60; send for circular.
THE C. A. WOOD CO.
17 N. 10th St., Phila., Pa.

THERE ARE MANY USES FOR SAPOLIO.

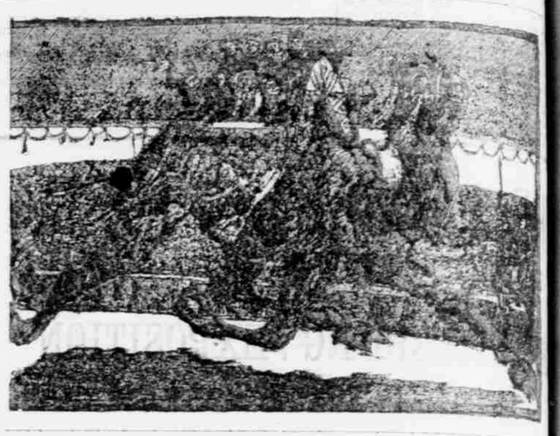
To clean tombstones. To renew oil-cloth. To renovate paint. To brighten metals.
To polish knives. To scrub floors. To wash out sinks. To scour bath-tubs.
To clean dishes. To whiten marble. To remove rust. To scour kettles.

EVERYBODY USES IT.

Dentists to clean false teeth. Engineers to clean parts of machinery. Housemaids to scrub marble floors.
Surgeons to polish their instruments. Ministers to renovate old chapels. Chemists to remove some stains.
Confectioners to scour their pans. Sextons to clean the tombstones. Curriers to sharpen their knives.
Mechanics to brighten their tools. Hostlers to groom and white horses. Shrewd ones to scour old straw hats
Cooks to clean the kitchen sink. Artists to clean their palettes. Soldiers to brighten their arms.
Painters to blend off surfaces. Wheelmen to clean bicycles. Renovators to clean carpets,

EVERY ONE FINDS A NEW USE.

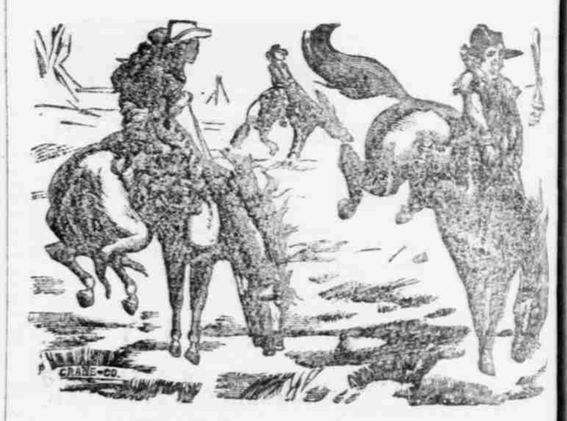
RINGLING .·. BROS.
UNITED MONSTER
Railroad - Shows



—GREAT TRIPLE CIRCUS, MUSEUM, MENAGERIE—
Roman Hippodrome & Universal World's Exposition
WILL EXHIBIT AT
EBENSBURG, PA.
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4.

NOTE.—Owing to an agreement of the American Show men's Pooled Loss Association this will be the only BIG SHOW to visit Ebensburg this year.

The Show of all New Features
The Indescribable, Tremendous, Monster of Brute Creation, the
LARGEST HIPPOPOTAMOUS IN CAPTIVITY.
The Monster Blood-Sweating Behemoth of Holy Writ.
250--HEAD OF HORSES--250
200—STAR CIRCUS PERFORMERS—200.
80--SENSATIONAL ACTS--80
75--Eminent Musicians--75
5--GREAT GLORIOUS BANDS OF MUSIC--5
7—of its Countless Dens Wide Open in Full Parade—7
10--Ordinary Menageries in 1--10
3—GRAND COMPLETE CIRCUS COMPANIES—3
Ten Acres of Exhiliarating Sights



1--Ticket Admits to All--1
PONDEROUS HERD OF PERFORMING ELEPHANTS.
RINGLING BROS.' LATEST SPECTACULAR TRIUMPH
THE MUSTER OF THE NATIONS.
The new found monster, the mammoth amphibious Behemoth! First and only real World's Horse Fair. Only real African Zebras in America. Only the Champion Riders in the Great Triple Circus. Most thrilling Hippodrome sensations. Royal Heathen Actors from far-off Japan Most wonderful Elephantine features. Fanny the Baby Elephant.
BABYLON, THE LARGEST ELEPHANT ON EARTH.
Spot, the Lilliputian Clown Elephant,
Jewel, the Only Umbrella Eared Elephant
ON THIS CONTINENT.
ANIMALS THAT WILL DO EVERYTHING BUT TALK.
Performing Elephants, Acting Horses, Dancing Stallions, Leaping Elephants, Gymnastic Dogs, Educated Ponies, Clown Donkeys, Performing Monkeys Pigs and Goats, Trained Lions, Hyenas, Tigers, Panthers and Leopards.

To give our visitors plenty of time to inspect our grand Double Menagerie this department will always be open fully one hour before the Circus and Hippodrome performance commences. The afternoon and night performances will always be equal and complete and under no circumstances abbreviated, cut or neglected.

The Magnificent Free Street Parade,
which takes place every morning at 10 o'clock, is the Largest, Longest, Richest and Most exclusively Resplendent gratuitous Display, representing with the most splendid effect and Impressive Truthfulness.

A Grand Triumphal March of Nations.
Never before in the History of American amusements has any Show or Combination of Shows let the wealth, enterprise or pluck to attempt anything approaching in magnitude and magnificence this Grand Triumph of Free Street Demonstrations.

ONE 50 CENT TICKET
admits to all the Combined Shows. Children under Twelve years of age, HALF PRICE.

Two Grand, Complete Performances
Daily, afternoon and evening. Doors open at 1 and 7 P. M. Ring Performances one hour later.

WILL EXHIBIT AT EBENSBURG,
SATURDAY, - OCTOBER - 4TH

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - OCT. 3, 1890.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Chestnuts are plenty.

—Miss Annie Blair it visiting friends in Indiana.

—Ex-governor Pattison will be in Indiana on Thursday of next week.

—Miss Dode Fenlon and Miss Nan James, are visiting in Indiana, Pa.

—Mr. M. D. Will, of Asbville, spent a few hours in town on Wednesday.

—Mr. Michael Quartz, of Cresson, spent a few hours in town on Monday.

—A new stock of table and pocket cutlery cheap at Dutton's hardware store.

—Misses Annie and Kate O'Neill, of this place, are visiting friends at Gallitzin.

—Three hundred overcoats from $2.50 to $7.00 at C. A. Sharbaugh's, Carrolltown.

—Mrs. T. B. Moore, of Philadelphia, is visiting relatives and friends in this place.

—John Kohler, formerly of this place but now of Kane, Pa., is visiting friends in Ebensburg.

—All kinds of job work neatly and promptly executed at this office at the lowest prices.

—Don't fail to see the immense stock of clothing and overcoats at C. A. Sharbaugh's, Carrolltown.

—Mr. Benjamin Anderson and son George, of Allegheny township, were taking a look over town on Monday.

—It will pay you to go twenty miles to buy a suit of clothes or an overcoat from C. A. Sharbaugh, Carrolltown.

—Mr. William A. Scanlan and family, of this place, are visiting relatives and taking in the fair at Indiana this week.

—William Richardson, Jr., a fireman on the P. R. R., whose abiding place is Conemaugh, is visiting his parents and friends in Ebensburg.

—Mrs. Catharine Roberts, mother of Mrs. E. E. Jones, one of the oldest residents of Ebensburg, has been quite ill lately but is now on a fair way to recovery.

—Alf. Evans, of Kane, Pa., route mail agent on the Philadelphia and Erie railroad, spent Sunday in Ebensburg with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Evans.

—William Humphreys, a boy residing near Hallsville Intersection, attempted to board a train, Friday night, but fell under the wheels and was instantly killed.

—Hon. John Cessna, of Bedford, who is one of the Republican candidates for Congress in this district, while here on Wednesday dropped in on a social visit to the FREEMAN.

—James Cochran, a stranger, was struck by a Fast Line near Latrobe on Sunday night, and injured so badly that he will die. He was taken to the Westmoreland county home.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 811 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at home, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after cases failed.

—The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of D. Simon & Bro., the Hollidaysburg clothiers, of Altoona, who are opening a large stock of clothing, ladies' cloaks, etc. Read it.

—While threshing buckwheat a few days since Lawrence W. Weight, of Grafton, Huntingdon county, fell over in the barn and expired in a few moments. It is supposed that it was paralysis.

—Miss Lena Scanlan, of Ebensburg, and Mrs. Rose M. Shertzinger, of Carrolltown, were in attendance at our Fair and are the guests of William Gompers, North Sixth street.—*Indiana Democrat.*

—George Criss' son of Jury Commissioner Criss, of Mount Pleasant township, Westmoreland county, was kicked in the face by a horse on Monday last and as a result will lose the sight of both eyes.

—Mr. Emmet Mulvehill, a first-class carpenter, who has been a resident of this place for the past couple of years, moved his family to Summerhill this week where he intends to reside in the future.

—Mr. Edward Crouse, an aged citizen of Conemaugh township, died at his home on Trinity last in the 76th year of age. His interment took place in the Lutheran cemetery in Jackson township on Tuesday.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A nasal injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath.

—Ebensburg people and others who want an opportunity to get even with the "three card" sharper can no doubt be accommodated at the circus on Saturday. It pays to swing every time—for the sharper.

—The committee appointed to lay out the track on the new fair grounds have cut a fifty-feet-wide track, one-half being with a distance of four hundred and twenty feet across the centre from the ends of the track.

—Silas Coughenour, Jr., a brakeman on the Pennsylvania railroad, fell from his train at Mineral Point on Wednesday morning and had his right foot ground off by the wheels. The young man is a resident of Conemaugh and was taken to his home.

—An unknown man, apparently about 40 years of age, was struck by a train, near Derry, Sunday night, and instantly killed. "James Cochran" was written on a book in his pocket, which is supposed to be his name. His remains were interred at the county home.

—The publication of the names of those receiving the Johnstown flood fund is raising a breeze in Johnstown. Those who are honestly entitled to what they got will have no kicking, and the public ought to know the names of the underserving who unlawfully grasped what was intended for the relief of the poor and needy.

—Captain David Mills, of Gallitzin, was robbed of one hundred and twenty-five dollars in money, a gold watch and a pair of diamonds on Friday last. The thief gained entrance to the house through the window and was seen by Captain Mills when he fled, but owing to his enfeebled condition the Captain, who is old and sickly, was unable to give an alarm and the thief escaped with his booty.

—Our friend and subscriber, Mr. A. C. Myers, of Latrobe, Pa., formerly of Carrolltown, recently sent us several numbers of *The Crusader* published at Summitville in 1852 by H. A. McPike. Among the items we notice the death of Roland Hughey, at one time a resident of Ebensburg, who was killed at the Old Portage tunnel, near Johnstown, by being caught between the side of the tunnel and a boat which he was riding on. This occurred according to the *Crusader* on Saturday June 12, 1852. At that time E. Lee Johnston, our present Judge of Prothonotary, as we see by the publication of the trial list for July term of court, and J. S. Clark, was the only merchant in Ebensburg, with an advertisement in the paper. The professional card Dr. J. M. Reade is among the advertisements. Dr. Reade is now practising in Washington City. Nearly all the advertisers are strangers to us and are either dead or have left Ebensburg.

—The largest line of gents' furnishing goods in the county at C. A. Sharbaugh's, Carrolltown.

—A prisoner named Marley, an inmate of the Huntingdon Reformatory, escaped from the grounds of that institution on Monday. He mounted the fence, jumped down, waded the river and took refuge in a stable in Smithfield where he was recaptured.

—Thomas Brown, aged eighteen, the son of a widow woman residing in Fourteenth ward, Johnstown, fell from a chestnut tree near Sheridan Station on Sunday last and received injuries that will in all probability terminate fatally, as the doctors in charge of him have no hopes for his recovery.

—Friday morning last Ella Smith, of Altoona, aged 17 years, attempted to commit suicide by jumping from one of the bridges which span the railroad in that city. A policeman caught her just as she was about to jump. She was delirious at the time from the effects of a dose of morphine which she had taken.

—The steam saw mill of Weed & Allen, at Williamsport, was burned at an early hour on Tuesday morning. The mill was situated along the river east of the Philadelphia and Reading railroad bridge. The lumber was saved after a hard fight on the part of the firemen. The loss is estimated at between to $20,000 and $25,000. The origin of the fire is not known.

—The Supreme Court of Minnesota has lately rendered a decision of much interest to the business community in declaring that bank checks are not cash, and do not possess legal value as money until cashed. In other words, the giving of a check on a bank is not a payment when passed between debtor and creditor, but only becomes so when the money is received on it.

—A highwayman approached Matthew Black, a well-known farmer, who resides near Jeanette, Westmoreland county, while he was on the way home on Thursday of last week, and compelled the old gentleman to hand over his money, which amounted to about $60. The footpad represented himself to be an officer, and had a warrant for Mr. Black's arrest. The old gentlemen was frightened into turning over his money and valuables.

—A genuine American eagle has been spreading his wings and sailing majestically, as only an eagle can sail, through the air above South Fork lake for the past two or three days. Parties have seen it say it is an immense one, and looks though it would measure from the tips of its wings ten to twelve feet. Mr. Jno. W. Wonders, among others, with long ranged rifles have tried to draw a bead on the huge bird, but up to Friday noon had failed to get within shooting distance.—*Johnstown Democrat.*

—It is five years on the first of the present month since the marriage license law went into effect, and in that time there have been issued in this county 2732 marriage licenses. In 1885-6, three hundred and seventy-three couples made the venture; in 1886-7, four hundred and sixty-five; in 1887-8, six hundred and eighty three; 1888-9, five hundred and fifty one, and in 1889-90, six hundred and fifty-nine. Cambria county is not behind in her efforts to keep the world a world a-moving.

—A freight wreck at Donahoe station, six miles east of Greensburg, on Wednesday morning broke to splinters about twenty-five freight cars and disabled one engine. An axle on a car of heavy freight going east broke, and before the flagman could warn an approaching train of thirty or forty freight cars, engine No 1195 ran into the wrecked train. Cars were broken up and the track for a distance of 200 yards was torn up. Travel was suspended for several hours and one or two of the crew were slightly injured.

—William S. Boyer, aged thirteen, the son of a widow residing at Moxham, while out hunting for chestnuts on Sunday last with two young companions, was fatally shot by the accidental discharge of a pistol. Young Boyer had tried several times to make the weapon go off but each time it snapped. Finally, he undertook to remove the barrel to see what was the matter when in some manner it was discharged, the ball entering the right side an inch and a half above the navel. The boy lingered until half past eleven o'clock Sunday night when death ensued.

—Ex-Sheriff John Brawley, of Hollidaysburg, Blair county, died at his in that place on Tuesday morning in the 79th year of his age. The deceased was born about a mile west of Ebensburg and was a resident of this county up until 1861, when he removed to Hollidaysburg. While residing in Wilmore in 1849, the deceased was elected Sheriff of this county and served his term with credit, and was a popular official. He was a brother of the late Dennis Brawley who died in this place some four years ago and an uncle of Mrs John A. Blair and Mrs. Judge Johnston, of this place.

—There will be a circus here on Saturday and we have this advice to give our readers: never take advantage of an innocent showman. If you see a man with three cards offering to bet that you cant pick out the ace, don't bet; it's wrong to bet. If you see the corner of the ace card turned up and the poor innocent showman don't know it, don't bet; it would be wrong to take advantage of him and take his money. But even if your conscience don't check you in taking advantage of an innocent looking stranger, our advice is still: don't bet; for you are certain to get left. They are traveling for just such suckers as you are.

—In a row at South Fork on Saturday an Italian named Antonia Toml was badly cut on the head with an axe. Constable Murphy, of South Fork, accompanied by Aleck Campbell, a friend of Toml's, started out after the party who did the cutting to arrest him. They followed him down the railroad toward Conemaugh. Campbell walking in the middle of the track and Murphy on the outside, and on approaching a curve were met by Philadelphia Express. Murphy succeeded in getting off the track but Campbell was struck and thrown in front of the engine and both feet mangled under the wheels. The injured man was taken to Altoona on the second section of Philadelphia Express where he was conveyed to the hospital in an ambulance and both legs were amputated below the knee. He stood the operation well and it is believed he will recover.

—J. Wilkinson & Son, marble and granite dealers of Ebensburg, Pa., wish to inform the public that they are prepared to fill all orders for cemetery work, in either marble or granite, at figures that defy competition. The artistic excellence and superior work manship of their designs at evidenced by the many specimens now on exhibition at their establishment and by the numberless designs which they have erected in the various cemeteries in this county and elsewhere. Every department of their business is in the hands of skillful and competent workmen, who are capable of executing any piece of work from the plainest to the most elaborate, which together with the personal supervision that every job receives is a guarantee that perfect satisfaction will be given to the most exacting of patrons. They ordered forty tons of marble which arrived in April, and now have as fine, if not the finest, stock on the best marble that ever came to Western Pennsylvania. Persons wishing anything in the line would do well to give them a call before leaving their order with any other manufacturer, as you can depend upon getting a good job at a fair price.

—The barn of Samuel Hess, in Oneida township, Huntingdon county, was destroyed by fire on Friday noon, together with about fifteen tons of hay, a quantity of rye and straw, mower, harness and other contents. The wheat had been threshed and was in another barn. A horse, the only animal in the barn at the time, was saved. The loss is about $1 000; insurance, $700. the cause of the fire is unknown.

The Fair.

The second meeting for the purpose of taking the preliminary steps toward holding a fair and building a race track at Ebensburg was held at the Council Room in Ebensburg on last Friday evening, and was attended by a large number of people.

John Lloyd presided and A. W. Buck acted as secretary, and on motion both gentlemen were continued in their positions until a permanent organization is effected.

From the reports of the committee appointed to solicit subscriptions to the capital stock, it was ascertained that about three thousand dollars had been subscribed up to Friday evening.

The committee appointed to secure the grounds and lay out the track was unable to make a satisfactory report owing to the wet weather which had interfered with the survey. The ground, however, had been secured and the committee was instructed to complete the survey of the track and receive bids up until this (Friday) evening at six o'clock for the grading of the track, and also for fencing the ground. There will be another meeting this (Friday) evening at which the committees will again report.

Everyone interested in the project should attend the meeting this evening as a full report of the committees will be laid before the meeting and business of importance transacted.

The Teachers' Institute.

The Teachers' Institute will be held the week beginning November 17. The teachers and friends of education everywhere, and the people of Ebensburg and vicinity in particular, may look forward to a rare treat.

The best talent in the field has been secured. Supt. Leech does not hire cheap men. Three of the foremost instructors in the State will be with us during the entire week. We hope to announce further on that the State Superintendent will visit Cambria county during the week. The course of entertainments will excel anything of the kind ever given before.

Geo. R. Winding, of Illinois, who will lecture on Wednesday evening, is pronounced to be the most powerful orator in America. Mr. Leech has been trying to get Mr. Winding for the last two years, but did not like to risk so much.

Many of the teachers and people have been asking for a musical entertainment. The Boston Ideal Banjo, Madolin and Guitar Club, vocal and instrumental, is undoubted ly one of the finest combinations that can be had. A male quintette. They will be here Tuesday evening.

Two other good lecturers will be secured for Monday and Thursday evenings.

Ringling Day.

Every important holiday event is known by some popular name. The Fourth of July is no more a general holiday than the one on which the Great Ringling Brothers' Monster Railroad Shows appear, and so universally has this become established that the advent of the enormous institution is known far and near as Ringling Day. The daily expenses of these monster Shows are so great that, if their reputation was not so good that all feel they would be great losers if they missed seeing them, the big Show could not live a month. This is why schools, factories, business places, and even Legislatures and Courts are closed when they come, and all transportation can afford to give their patrons cheap excursion rates. Ringling Day comes this year at Ebensburg, Saturday, October 4th.

A Wife Deserts Her Husband.

John Stormer, who before the flood lived in Conemaugh borough, but who now lives back of the Morrell House, is in a bad fix. He says his wife has gone off and left him, taking the baby with her but leaving the five older children for him to look after. He says she also took nearly everything of value from the house, including $108 in cash, which had been raised at a ball given for the benefit of his son, who lost a leg on the Pennsylvania railroad on the 30th of July last. Stormer has no idea where his wife went to. He thinks there is a man in the case, as he understands a young fellow has been frequently seen of late entering the house through cellar window.—*Johnstown Democrat.*

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Others do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

A New Idea

A new idea embraced in Ely's Cream Balm. Catarrh is cured by cleansing and healing, not by drying up. It is not a liquid or snuff, but is easily applied into the nostrils. Its effect is magical and a thorough treatment will cure the worst cases. Price 50c.

With

Ely's Cream Balm a child can be trusted without pain or dread and with perfect safety. Try the remedy. It cures catarrh, hay fever and colds in the head. It is easily applied into the nostrils and gives relief with the first application. Price 50c.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

NOTICE.—The Farmers' Alliance of Cambria county will meet at Nicktown on Saturday, October 11th, at 1 o'clock, P. M. A general attendance is requested as business of importance will be considered.

LUKE BEBE, President.

Report of Mine Inspectors.

The mine inspectors of Pennsylvania have just completed their annual reports. There are seven anthracite and eight bituminous districts, each having its inspector. The report shows casualities in almost every district, an appalling increase of accidents over former years. Many of them resulted fatally. The inspectors state that certain mine owners try to evade the law in every way possible, being unwilling to incur the expense of improvements which the law has directed to be made in order to protect the miners properly. While the workmen themselve become careless at times and neglect proper precautions, the great majority of the accidents are to be attributed either to the owners, who bluntly refuse to comply with the legal demands, or else to the mine bosses, who fail to see that those under their authority yield obedience to the safety regulations.

In many cases the ventilation is bad and renders the mines very dangerous. In numerous instances incompetent persons have been allowed to examine the boilers, and, as a result, serious accidents frequently occur. While some proprietors have manifested a disposition to do what is right and lawful, there are many who have not adopted the modern methods for promoting safety. The average salary of the miner in this State is about $310 per annum, and for this paltry sum he is often required to jeopardize his life.

A sad feature of them is the fact that in 1889 there were 490 men killed in the mines and 1,236 other serious accidents; 166 wives were made widows and 409 children were made orphans. When the legislature devoted a good share of its time to devising means to prevent this awful slaughter of human life with its attendant misery nobody should blame it. There is a loud call for effective mining legislation, and the publication of these awful figures will hasten the good work. There must surely be some means at hand for preventing the mine accidents that we hear of every day.

The Show of All New Features.

This may with Puritan precision may be said of the Ringling Brothers' united monster railroad Circus, Museum and Menagerie, the enormous institution which exhibits at Ebensburg, Saturday, October 4th. With regard to detail may it also be observed that this great Show possesses more actual great features than any other of the few big railroad shows. Among the lists of their Circus and Hippodrome artists we find the names of the most celebrated riders, gymnasts, acrobats, aerialists, charioteers, etc., among them Mlle. Julia Lowando, the world famous Brazilian lady rider; Edward Shipp, the great four and six horse equestrian; La Role Bros., the flying men of the air; Andrew Gaffney, "the old oak." The Ashtons, the Japanese performers; the Arab horseman and scores of others. The great double Menagerie we find wonderfully complete, in fact a perfect innovation to all lovers of natural history. The monster Hippopotamous, the amphibious Bovolapsus; the only genuine African Zebras, the umbrella-eared Elephant the Baby Elephant the Clown Elephant, the Giant Elephant, Babylon, besides the enormous collections of other caged and uncaged animals, constitute a zoological collection that cannot be equaled by any other management and in which the managers seem to have outringlinged the Ringlings. When we take into consideration the great World's Horse Fair, the wonderful museums, the troops of performing animals, etc., and last but not least, the great, glorious, free street parade it must be confessed that Saturday, October 4th, will be the greatest holiday even that Ebensburg will have for many years to come, or until the great Ringling Show again spends a day amongst us.

Marriage Licenses Issued.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, September 30th, 1890.

R. H. Price, Altoona and Mollie Hardysher, Johnstown.

Layi Leidy and Mollie Walker, East Taylor township.

William G. Ashbridge, Johnstown and Kate Gillen, Minersville.

Philip Snyder and Kate Dill, Stonycreek township.

James F. Maloy and Annie C. Fahey, Frugality.

George Rapasky and Mary Walkoshock, Johnstown.

Dr. E. T. Bradley, Gallitzin and Maud Bender, Ebensburg.

Michael F. Mullen and Matilda Kleinmyer, Johnstown.

Fecko Preputa and Mary Fransko, Johnstown.

John Fritz, Jr. and Annie Dels, Johnstown.

John R. Layton and Alla Maria Ross, Stonycreek township.

T. L. Gregory and Maria E. Young, Morrellville.

Mede Duncan, Buffington township, Indiana county and Mollie Williams, Cambria township.

Peter Stafferd and Eva Fry Bonner, Tunnelhill.

William A. Escherick, Johnstown and Maggie J. Zimmerman, Somerset county.

Fred J. Roffman and Carrie McCool, Johnstown.

Married.

BRADLEY—BENDER.—Married at the Catholic Church in Ebensburg on Tuesday, September 30th, 1890, by Rev. J. J. Deasy, Dr. E. T. Bradley, of Gallitzin, and Miss Maud Bender, of Ebensburg.

This young couple who have just joined hearts have our earnest and best wishes for their future welfare. They are both well equipped in their start in matrimonial life which we hope may be as free from cares and as full of joys as possible. The bride is one of Ebensburg's fairest and best daughters who has all the graces and accomplishments needed to adorn a home, and the groom, who is one of Gallitzin's most reputable and intelligent physicians, will prove to be a husband worthy of her love. The couple, after the marriage ceremony, repaired to the Cambria House, the home of the bride, where, with a thong of invited guests, from a table loaded with everything that an epicurian taste could suggest, adorned with flowers and evergreens that a Shenstone would have envied, partook of a wedding breakfast and amid the good wishes of all, started out on life's journey together. They left on the 10:40 A. M. train for a trip to Philadelphia and other cities where they will spend the honeymoon, then returning, take un their residence at Gallitzin.

Died.

GRIFFIN.—Died at the residence at of her son, Patrick Moran, in Loretto, on Friday, September 19, 1890, Mrs. Mrs. Catharine Griffin, aged 87 years.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Florian Bengele, Loretto borough, deceased.
Letters testamentary on the estate of Florien Bengele, late of Loretto borough, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. JOSEPH BENGELE,
Loretto, Pa., Oct. 3, 1890. Executor.

SELF-FEED **DRAG SAWS** For 1, 2, 4 and 10 H. P.
PICKET MILLS for Home and Factory use.
MARSH STEAM PUMP for Stationary and Traction Engines. All first-class Standard Machines
B. C. MACHINERY CO.
301 Levi Street, Battle Creek, Mich.

T. W. DICK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
EBENSBURG, PENN'A.
Special attention given to claims for Pension Bounty, etc. ch7-18-90

TAKE FOR
RHEUMATISM
GOUT, BACKACHE, Pains in the Side, the Chest and the Joints, Neuralgia, Sprains, etc., etc., the
IMPORTED
"ANCHOR"
PAIN EXPELLER
IT IS AND WILL EVER BE
The BEST, UNEQUALED REMEDY.
Used with great success in the Imperial and Royal General Hospital of Vienna and many others.
One Unsolicited Testimonial out of Thousands:
TAITOPOLIS, ILL., Jan. 29, '90.
Your Anchor Pain Expeller is really excellent. One of our Sisters, suffering from Rheumatism for years, could find nothing to cure her but your Anchor Pain Expeller.
SCHOOL SISTERS DE NOTRE DAME.
50 Cents a bottle.
OF MOST DRUGGISTS, OR DIRECT FROM
F. AD. RICHTER & CO.,
310 Broadway, New York.
European Houses: Rudolstadt, G'y, London, Vienna, Rotterdam, Prague, Konstein, Otten, Nuremberg, Leipsic.
25 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.
FREE Books about other Anchor Remedies on Application.

ROYAL
ROYAL BAKING POWDER
BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test short weight, alum or phosphate powder. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., New York.

ARGUMENT LIST.
October 6th, 1890.
Carrol.....vs. Samson.
Commonwealth.....vs. Jas. Green et al.
Commonwealth.....vs. Brass et al.
In re exceptions to opening Bowser street Johnstown.
Clifford.....vs. Edwards.
In re petition to set aside sale of real estate Cambria Land Company.
Directors of Poor.....vs. Jacob Thomas.
Evans et al.....vs. Rees et al.
In re incorporation of Morrellville borough.
In re road in Susquehanna township and Elder
In re rules on Adam Myers, constables.
Weis.....vs. Parrish.
Rite.....vs. Cambria Land Co.
Pindle.....vs. Same.
In re bridge over Clearfield creek.
In re exceptions to report of Auditor in P. M. & R. C. George est.
Farrell.....vs. Weakland.
Chaplin.....vs. Notley & Harlor.
In re exception to incorporation of Portage borough.
Gray.....vs. Gray & Wyland.
Rider.....vs. Roberts.
In re rule on R. E. Croswell, Esq.
J. C. DARBY,
Sept. 26, 1890. Prothonotary.

NOTICE TO PERSONS
DESIRING TO INVEST IN
Borough Bonds !

NOTICE is hereby given that the Borough of Ebensburg, Pa., is about to issue bonds in the amount of **$6,000.00**, in sums of **$100.00** each, with interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, payable semi annually, free from taxation so far as the individual holders are concerned. Persons desiring to invest in such securities will please make known at once to the undersigned or Fergus C. Lloyd, Deputy Burgess, the amount or number of such bonds they wish to purchase. These bonds will be sold to the first purchasers presenting themselves, hence the necessity of promptness in making known the number of said bonds desired. E. E. EVANS,
Ebensburg, Aug. 29, 1890. Burgess.

DO YOU KNOW
THAT YOU CAN BUY
Double Barrel Breech Loading Shot Guns at $8.50; Double Barrel Muzzle Loading Guns at $4.50; Single Barrel Shot Guns at $2.50, and all other goods at equally low prices.
ALSO A FULL LINE OF
Diamonds, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.
K. SMIT,
932 & 934 Liberty St., Cor. Smithfield,
PITTSBURG, PA.
Send for our large annual Illustrated Catalogue, No 15, free of charge. sep26.3m

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
Having been appointed Auditor on the motion of Alvin Evans, Esq., in the matter of the second and final account of Catharine Scroth, executrix of John Scroth, deceased, to distribute the fund in the hands of said executrix to those legally entitled to receive the same, I will sit at the Arbitration Room, in the Court House at Ebensburg, Pa., on Thursday, the 23rd day of October, A. D. 1890, at 1 o'clock, P. M., when and where all persons interested should appear or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.
E. G. KEEB,
Sept. 26-3t. Auditor

NOTICE.—All persons are hereby notified that I have purchased all the household goods of Leonard Hartman in the Central Hotel at Rattine, Cambria county, Pa., and all the household goods in the house occupied by said Hartman, corner Beaver street and Fourth avenue, and have left the same with E. M. Wooden in the hotel at my pleasure, and the goods in house occupied by Hartman at my will and pleasure. All persons are notified not to disturb any of said goods.
JOHN BECK,
Sept. 26-3t Elder Twp., Cambria Co., Pa.

HASTINGS HOTEL.
H. J. SHETTIG, PROPRIETOR.
Located at the Station, near the centre of the town on Fourth Avenue. We endeavor to furnish the best accommodations to business men, pleasure seekers and boarders. Persons in search of comfort and quiet will find it a desirable place to stop. The Table is unsurpassed and is always supplied with the best the market affords, and all the delicacies of the season. The Bar is supplied with the choicest of pure liquors and cigars and nothing but the best is sold. Special attention given to the care of horses.
H. J. SCHETTIG.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.
Whereas by Deed of Assignment, dated the 15th day of September, 1890, the Lilly Merchandise Company, Limited, of Lilly, Pa., assigned all their property and effects to George Brant for the benefit of creditors. Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against said company to present them, and those knowing themselves to be indebted to make payment to
GEORGE BRANT.
Lilly, Pa. Assignee.
3t

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Michael Plummer, Portage township, deceased.
Letters testamentary on the estate of Michael Plummer, late of Portage township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. JAMES F. SKELLY,
Portage Twp., Sept. 5, 1890-6t Executor

ADMINISTRATRIX' NOTICE.
Letters of administration upon the estate of Cornelius Morris, late of Clearfield township, in the county of Cambria, Pa., deceased, having been granted the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same are requested to present them, properly authenticated, for settlement. MARGARET E. MORRIS,
Administratrix.
Clearfield township, September 5, 1890-6t

H. H. MYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office in Collonade Row, on Centre street.

DONALD E. DUFTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENNA
Office in Opera House, Centre street.

Gus. Simon's Card to the
Intelligent - People
of the Mountain Top.
BY DEALING WITH GUS. SIMON, {Oceans of Money Saved} —GALLITZIN'S— FAMOUS CLOTHIER.
A $40,000 Stock to Select from.

Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Boots and Shoes, Furniture, Hats, and Caps, at prices that will astonish everybody. Bring this Bill with you and be sure to ask for what is published on it, as we have all in abundance and none need go away empty. Come along.

CALICO.—A big lot of new styles at 4 cents: Passaic 5½ cents; the Washington Novelty, full Standard, 5 cents; Hartel Staples, 6 cents; fancy Indigo prints 5, 6 and 7 cents; all covered prints in red, blue and green at 6 and 7 cents; Sateens, all patterns, at 8 cents; standard dark prints at 5 cents.

GINGHAMS AND CHAMBERS.—A good apron check, 5 cents. Staple and fancy 6 cents. Staple checks, blue, green and brown, 6 and 7 cents. Splendid styles in dress ginghams, 7, 8 and 9 cents. Wyoming dress ginghams, 8 cents. Plain chambrees, 7 and 8 cents. Toil de Nord, in plaid and stripes, 8½ cents.

REMNANT SALE of 1,000 yards of Calico and Muslin at one-half price.

BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED MUSLINS.—Bleached Muslins at 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 cents. 4x4 Middle Sex at 6 cents. 4x4 one of the finest at 6 cents. 4x4 Daisy, 7 cents. 4x4 Golden Rod and no Dicker 7 cents. Our "A No. 1," 8 cents. 4x4 Fennant, 8 cents. 8x4 Pillow case muslin, 10 cents. "Pride of the West," 14½ cents. Corset Jean, 7 cents.

TICKING.—Fancy Ticking at 6 cents. Uxbridge, blue striped, 10 cents. Harvard feather, 12 cents. XXXX special article 15 cents. Double fold satin tick high colors, 18 cents. Also, a large line of remnants in ticking. Come early.

BUSINESS IS ALWAYS BOOMING AT SIMON'S STORE.

Everybody is complaining of dull times while we are doing a rattling business all the time. The only trouble we now experience is the fact that we cannot get goods in fast enough.

FLANNELS AND BLANKETS.—No larger line kept in the United States. Big Drive, 5 by 4, gray twilled flannel, 12 cents. Another gray twilled, 15 cents. White flannel, best, 25 cents. White domet, 8 cents. Red wool flannel, plain, 20, 25 and 30 cents. Nice plain, blue twilled, 20, 25, 30 and 35 cents. Bleached and unbleached Canton flannel, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 cents. Also, a nice line of colored Canton flannels, 6, 7, 8 and 9 cents. A good pair of white blankets at 99 cents, $1.25, $1.48, $1.98, $2.50 and upward. All woolen blankets at $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00 and upward. Gray blankets at 75 cents, $1.00 and upward. Gray blankets at from 85 cents to $2.50 per pair. Comforters at from 55 cents up to $3.00.

LACE CURTAINS, 75 cents per pair, best quality.

DRESS GOODS department full of Novelties. Black Henriettas at 35, 50 and 75 cents.

SILK PLUSHES, VELVETS.—A full line kept. All colors and shades at from 25 cents up.

TOWELS and linens very low. Come and ask for our Kid Gloves, Bracelets, Rings, Chains, Cuff Buttons etc. Largest line kept. Ask to see them. The best line of Corsets at 34, 48, 75 and 98 cents and $1.23. Veiling Silk, all colors, 14 cents per yard. Laces, Embroideries, Ruffinns, Vandyke Lace, Infant Bibes, Lace Collars and Infant Cloaks. Visit us if you want a Jersey Coat or Plush Coat. Long Coats for ladies and children. Children's long Coats, for ages up to 12 years, $2.00. Long Coats for girls, $2.50. Fine Plush Coats at $12.50, formerly sold at $25.00.

Now, set here. We can afford to sell cheap because we have no big expenses or rents to pay.

A NEW STORE EXCLUSIVELY FOR CLOTHING.

CLOTHING AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.—Men's suits, sizes 34 to 42. Men's good Satinett suits, $5.50. Brown Washbrett, $4.75. Red and gray plaid, all wool, $6.48. Blue Beaver Cheviotts, all wool, $6.75. Blue Pantuseik, $7.50. Gray check cashmere, $7.25. Black, all wool, corkscrew, $8.50. Black, red and gold check, $7.00. Blue corkscrew, silk face, $10.00. Black corkscrew, satin, best, $12.00. Blue corkscrew, best, $12.00. Prince Albert suits, best corkscrew, at $15.00, $18.00 and $20.00.

MEN'S CUTAWAY SUITS.—Very fine imported corkscrew, black, blue or brown, bound, $12.50. All wool corkscrew, stitched or bound, warranted, $10.00. Fancy black, plain imported corkscrew, $11.00. Very fine imported wide wale, worsted black, $15.00. Blue and gray check cashmere, $4.50. Gray or brown check, $5.00.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN MEN'S PANTS.—Men's good jean pants, 65 cents. Men's good cottonades, 85 cents. Men's pants, wool finish, $1.25. Good chevoit pants, $1.35. Black cork screw pants, $2.50. Good cashmere pants, $2.00. English worsted pants, $3.50. Imported lambs, $4.00, $4.50, $5.00, $5.50, $6.00 and $7.00 per pair.

SUITS WITH LONG PANTS.—For boys ranging in age from 14 to 17. Satinet Suits, $2.48. Good Union cashmeres, $3.98. Washbrett suits, $2.98. Good chevoit suits, $4.74. Corkscrew suits, $6.48. Good English worsted, $7.00. Imported diagonal, $8.00. Tricot cloth, black and blue, $10.00.

CHILDREN'S SUITS.—One thousand good heavy cashmere suits for winter, from $1.00 up to $1.50, $2.00, $2.25, $2.50, $2.75, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $4.50, $5.00. Nine hundred pairs children's knee pants, heavy, at 25 cents per pair. Don't forget that we carry the largest line of Overcoats for men, boys, and children to be seen anywhere.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S LONG COATS AND JACKETS.—Children's coats, $1.48. Children's satinett coats, for ages ranging from 4 to 13, at 2.25. Coats in fine suitings for ages ranging from 4 to 13 at 2.98, and rising as high as 3.50, 4.00, 4.50 and 5.00. Ladies' Jackets, fine line of the latest styles of Jackets at 2.00, 2.25, 2.50, 3.00. Stockinett coats, black, at 2.00, 2.50 3.00 3.50, 4.00. Jersey coats, 28 inches long, 2.25 2.75, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00. Jersey coats, 30 inches long, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00. Short plush coats, 25 inches long, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00. We also have an exquisite line of long coats for ladies from 8.50 up to 24.00.

Large line of hats and caps, trunks, valises and furniture, boots, shoes and Rubbers. We always carry a stock amounting to $10,000 and over, and can consequently afford to give you big bargains. Men's good brogans at 90 cents, 1.00, 1.25, and 1.35. Boys' good brogans at 70 cents, 85 cents, 1.00 and 1.25. Men's dress shoes at 1.25, 1.50, 1.75, 2.00, 2.50 and up. We are agent for the celebrated ELECTRIC SHOES. Children's shoes, at 75, 82, 90, 95, 48 and 65 cents. Ladies' Domets, Opera Toe, Common sense or Spring Heel, at 95 cents, 1.25, 1.45, 1.75, 2.00, 2.25 and upward. There is nothing under the sun in our line, that we cannot save you 50 per cent. As the stock of goods we have now on hands amounts to $40,000, you can surely have a selection.

REMEMBER WE PAY STRANGERS

A ROCK THAT GROWS.

Remarkable Petrifaction in a Pennsylvania Ravine.

Dripping Water That Carries a Burden of Lime-stone in Solution with It and Leaves Its Wonders in Stalagmites and Stalactites.

In a deep, dark ravine a few miles from New Castle, Pa., in North Beaver township, Lawrence County, is a wonderful natural phenomenon in the shape of a veritable growing rock. Fifty years ago, when it was first noticed, an inverted wooden pail would almost cover it. To-day it is a great bowlder, ten feet in height and fifteen feet or more in circumference, and weighing not less than fifty tons. During the summer months it is covered with a dense rich moss two or three inches deep, through which the waters from a little spring trickle continually.

The outer formation of this rock has a limestone appearance, but once removed the moss and chisel in the gritty surface and the real beauty and peculiarity of the rock are seen. A cellular formation like a mammoth sponge is discovered, and about the cells is stone as hard as adamant. On cutting further in, this cell-like substance is found to continue, but it seems to have been transformed into a translucent flint. There are tons of this flinty rock, for it is as heavy as granite, and every ounce of it is undoubtedly moss and other vegetable matter petrified.

This remarkable petrifaction has been wrought by the action of the water from the spring upon the moss. The water seems to have the singular property of turning into stone every thing that is brought in contact with it for any length of time. It has an acrid taste, and is undoubtedly heavily charged with mineral substances, although thus far it has never been analyzed.

The most remarkable fact about it is that it accomplishes so much in so short a time. The moss grows luxuriantly in the dark hollow, and the lapidescent quality of the water has operated year after year upon the layers of moss, turning them into a honeycomb of stone, and adding to what was first a small rock, until to-day there is this great bowlder of petrified vegetation.

A short time after the moss begins to grow in the spring, it commences to solidify at the roots, and the petrifaction follows closely on the track of the growing moss, like the formation of coral on the work of the coral insects. As it progresses, the dark green of the vegetation becomes yellowish, then changes to brown and darkens as the rock grows older. The moss is not all that is perpetuated in stone by the action of the water. Plants, leaves, twigs, every vegetable substance that has fallen on the rock and lain there have been impregnated with and, as by the touch of an inexorable fate, been turned into stone by it. Stratum upon stratum of the moss stone has grown over them, and many such objects are now to be found hermetically sealed deep in the heart of the rock.

To the mineralogist the rock is a mine of treasure and delight. No one ever chisels into that flinty bowlder without coming upon leaves and twigs petrified among the moss and securing many fine specimens to rejoice his heart and make envious less fortunate mortals. Those who have visited it thus far say there is not another such curiosity known in the world. The people in the neighborhood have long known of the remarkable qualities of this spring. Mr. William Allsworth first discovered it nearly fifty years ago. Then the rock was ten feet or more below the spring. Now it has climbed up the side of the bank until it is partially above the level of the spring, and has turned the water of the little brook that comes down through the ravine somewhat out of its course. Mr. Allsworth and some of his neighbors intend to try the experiment of fastening a frog or some other creature in such a way that the water will have a chance to act upon it, and see whether it will fill up animal tissue with its mineral burden as it has done the vegetable ones that have come in continued contact with it. They firmly believe it will, and there seems little reason to doubt it.

THREE GOOD DEEDS.

A Story of Benevolence the Like of Which Has Never Been Told.

Franklin Murphy brought sympathetic tears to the eyes of his hearers at the dinner of the Leather Manufacturers' Association by relating a story of benevolence, says the Newark Journal. A friend of his, he said, was walking down to business one morning when he saw a young woman with a baby in her arms, sitting on a church step and weeping. The man, whom Mr. Murphy called Jones, was touched by her apparent distress and asked her what was the cause of it.

"I walked into town," she replied, "to have the baby baptized, and now it will cost me $3 to have the service performed. I haven't the money and I don't know what to do."

"Well, that's a small matter," said Jones, "I haven't $3 in change, but here's a $10 bill. Take it and I will wait for the change."

The woman returned in a short time and handed Jones $7. He patted the child's head and went down-town, rejoicing in his own goodness. He felt good all day and his countenance shone with an unusual brightness. His associates all noticed the change and finally one of them asked him the cause of it.

"I am happier than usual to-day," said Jones, "and the reason of it is that did three good things on my way down-town this morning." He related the occurrence and wound up by saying:

"So I performed a deed of charity, started a little child on its way to paradise and—got seven good dollars for a counterfeit $10 bill."

WATCHING A COURTSHIP.

A Young Man's Progress Measured by the Lateness of His Calls.

I am measuring young Truelove's progress in courting Miss Affection, writes a Louisville Post amateur sleuth. I have no special acquaintance with him, but I frequently pass the young lady's home at night. From the lights in the parlor he has been calling two months, and during that time has made progress.

At first I used to meet him coming out of the gates as the bells struck ten. Shortly after, however, he experienced the pleasure of counting the bells in the parlor. By the by, did you ever notice, while chatting in your fascinating way, how loud those bells struck—sounded like the roar of a battle.

The lights soon began to burn oftener in the parlor. For two weeks the parlor was dark, and I knew that they had quarreled. How sad! For two whole weeks they never saw each other, and just because Truelove came two minutes late one night! But lovers' quarrels are love's renewal, so they were soon burning the gas and coal again.

He's there most every night now, and the other night the lights were actually burning at eleven o'clock. But, young man, you have reached the limit now; don't stay later than eleven o'clock. It's dangerous, so her father says. If you are determined to stay later than eleven, pick out a girl who has a small and delicate father.

JOB :: PRINTING.

THE FREEMAN

Printing Office

is the place to get your

JOB PRINTING

Promptly and satisfactorily executed. We will meet the prices of all honorable competion. We don't do any but first-class work and want a living price for it.

With Fast Presses and New Type

We are prepared to turn out Job Printing of every discription in the FINEST STYLE and at the very

Lowest Cash Prices.

Nothing but the best material is used and our work speaks for itself. We are prepared to print on the shortest notice

POSTERS, PROGRAMMES, BUSINESS CARDS, TAGS, BILL HEADS, MONTHLY STATEMENTS, ENVELOPES, LABELS, CIRCULARS, WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, CHECKS, NOTES, DRAFTS, RECEIPTS, BOND WORK, LETTER AND NOTE HEADS, AND HOP AND PARTY INVITATIONS, ETC.

We can print anything from the smallest and neatest Visiting Card to the largest Poster on short notice and at the most Reasonable Rates.

The Cambria Freeman,

EBENSBURG, PENN'A.

ALLAN'S

PINE NEEDLE

CIGARS & CIGARETTES.

PATENTED

These Goods Contain the Leaves or Needles of the Pine Tree.

Use them for a pleasant smoke and speedy relief for *INFLUENZA, ACUTE AND CHRONIC CATARRH, CLERGYMEN'S SORE THROAT, HAY FEVER, ASTHMA AND ALL BRONCHIAL DISEASES;* they are free from adulteration, as nothing is used in their manufacture but the *BEST OF TOBACCO* and *FRESH PINE NEEDLES.*

MANUFACTURED BY

PINE NEEDLE CIGAR CO.

FREEHOLD, N. J.

To make an intelligent test of this, try the following method: Have a strip of leather in a bottle of Acme Blacking, and leave it there for a day or a month. Take it out and hang it up to dry and examine its condition carefully. We recommend ladies to make a similar test with French Dressing, and gentlemen with any liquid solution of Paste Blacking, or with liquid blacking that comes in stone jugs.

Wolff's ACME Blacking

Makes any kind of leather

WATERPROOF, SOFT, AND DURABLE.

Its beautiful, rich, GLOSSY POLISH is unequaled. Saves labor and annoyance.

A Polish Lasts a Month for Women, and A Week for Men, and on Harness Leather even Four Months without renovating.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA.

Sold by Shoe Stores, Grocers, and dealers generally.

—FOR—

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MOUNDS FOR YOUNG TREES.

Their Importance in Strengthening and Also in Protecting a Young Orchard.

An inquirer asks if it is an advisable practice to place mounds about young trees for winter; he has heard it strongly objected to because when the wind sways the trees about a hole around the tree is formed, which becomes filled with water, and is worked into mortar, to the permanent injury of the tree.

In answer to this inquiry—it is a good practice to make small mounds, for three objects, the chief one for the exclusion of mice, which will never ascend a smooth bank of hard earth under snow. Planters may judge of the danger of the incursions of mice. If the trees were planted in a grass field, the danger would be great without this protection; in clean cultivated ground it would be very small, except near the boundaries, which are more or less grown with weeds and grass. In such case the trees near the outside would be safer with this protection.

The other two objects are, stiffening the trees against the wind, and protecting the roots of half-tender kinds against severe freezing in exposed situations.

The harm spoken of by the above inquirer would take place with trees carelessly dug for transplanting, with the roots cut short and the full-sized tops remaining, on which the wind would have a strong purchase. With roots carefully lifted, and with sufficient length to brace the trees firmly, and the tops properly reduced by cutting back and thinning, the wind could do no harm. Mounds of earth might then be placed about them for the purposes already mentioned. If the trees were small or like whips, these mounds, if beaten smooth and compactly, would render useful assistance, which would be still better if a solid round piece of turf capped the mound, as represented in Fig. 1. Their height should be about ten inches, and they could be leveled down in spring.

Fig. 1.

But the mounds may be carelessly or imperfectly made, and do more harm than good. An acquaintance set out a large, young orchard. There being some grass in the field, he attempted to save the trees from the mice by means of earth mounds about the base of the stems. The earth was thrown around them with the spade in sods and chunks, between which there were crevices large enough for the mice to enter, or, if not large enough they gnawed their way through the pieces of turf. These animals appeared to regard the mounds as built for their own special protection and benefit, and the young trees were girdled and the intended orchard destroyed. Compact, smoothly-beaten mounds, would have saved the trees.

Fig. 2.

The same treatment may be applied to nursery trees received from a distance and heeled-in for spring setting. As the work is often done, the heeling in places the trees in great danger, and we have sometimes seen them girdled by the mouse and upwards, by not filling in the earth compactly in all the crevices, and in not encircling the place which received them with smooth sloping earth, up which the mice refuse to ascend. Fig. 2 represents such trees properly taken care of and free from the danger of mice; the mound of earth which surrounds the trees should be smooth, and compact on all sides.

Young orchards several years old and firmly rooted and sheltered are sometimes in danger of being girdled by mice if standing near grass boundaries, or if grass or weeds have been allowed partial possession. A neighbor has set out a thousand pear trees, and they had already begun a vigorous growth. A three-inch snow in March enabled the mice to girdle the whole of them, which he assured us he could have prevented by earth mounds. He saved them all, however, by bridging the girdled portions with connecting twigs.

STANDARDS OF LENGTH.

The English Yard and the French Meter —Which Is the Better?

In the United States and England the standard of length is the yard, and the question arises: How long is a yard? It may be said in answer that a yard is simply an arbitrary standard which tradition says is based upon the length of the arm of Henry VIII. At present the yard is the distance between two marks upon a certain bar, kept in the Tower of London, and if it should be destroyed the exact standard could never be replaced. To avoid this uncertainty, and obtain a fixed and unvarying standard, the French, in the last century, made an accurate measurement of a quadrant of the earth's circumference, and taking the ten-millionth part of this distance, gave it the name of *meter*, and adopted it as the standard of length. This length, which is equal to about 39.37 inches, is now in universal use on the continent of Europe, and is authorized as a legal standard in nearly all civilized countries. Considerable discussion has arisen as to whether the original measurement was perfectly accurate, and it seems probable that there was a small error, so that if the standard meter now kept in Paris should be destroyed, a remeasurement of the quadrant of the earth would not give us exactly the same meter. However, the error in any case is a very minute one, and the chances are very small that the original standard will ever be destroyed, to say nothing of the fact that the numerous copies distributed among the various nations of the world do not appreciably differ from it.—Popular Science News.

Modern Rip Van Winkles.

Two Neapolitan brigands, Vicenza Cieco and Giuseppe Rosa, have been recently set at liberty after forty years' imprisonment. It is impossible to describe their astonishment at the sight of the railways, telegraphs, tramways and other modern inventions, which had not been dreamt of in their younger days. Still they are not happy. They complain that when walking in the streets of Naples they do not meet a single face they know, not even that of a former victim. Signor Crispi represents a paternal government; the forlorn condition of the poor fellows has awakened his sympathy and he has furnished them with the means to return to their native mountains. Signor Crispi is a lover of old institutions, and brigands were getting scarce in the Campagna of Naples.

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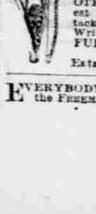

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A RECLAIMED SWAMP.

How a Valueless and Unsightly Piece of Ground Was Made Both Beautiful and Profitable.

Near my residence, says a correspondent of Farm and Home, is about four acres of nearly level land, upon which I have raised in succession buckwheat, corn, potatoes, oats and grass, obtaining especially large yields of the latter. When I was a boy this land was covered with brush, bogs and standing water the year round. Later on, when I bought this swamp, all declared that it was impossible to get fall enough to drain it, as springs and water from the hillsides constantly emptied into it. I cut the brush and dug ditches around it and through the middle. I then began to plow it after turning over a network of roots six feet across and buckwheat was planted on what land was dry enough. Some of the bogs I had to cut off and burn, as a yoke of cattle could not pull them out, the buckwheat helping to pay expenses. Each year I had a tussle with the swamp when a dry time came, and put in another crop. My first ditches were partly of stone put in loose and were unsatisfactory, as they stopped the current and gradually filled up with earth and muck. My outlet would draw off the surface water, but was not deep enough to give me a suitable depth at the upper end and any perceptible fall.

I soon found my fifty dollars in ditches was good in a dry time, but a lake formed in winter in a freshet, and I was not satisfied and tried again. This time I began to ditch in the highway some ten rods below, where there was enough fall, and cut down six or seven feet in the highest ground, but to do this I had to board up the sides to keep it open long enough to put in my drain. This was of stone and made by building a wall on each side about one foot high with a cap stone over it. I put a ditch of this kind across one end, and then the whole length of the west side as close to the line fence as possible, as this side was next to a steep side-hill full of springs. I also cut a ditch through the middle in the same way, digging just deep enough to have the water follow and set back an inch or two after me nearly all the way through. In this way as soon as there was six inches of water in the ditch, I had fall enough for a good current, as I made the lower end of the sluice much wider than the upper. I also put in a few cross ditches emptying into this, covering them all over smoothly. Then I met another difficulty; a heavy rain would soon form such a volume of water to flow into this basin, that it could not filter through the ground, and it became a sheet of water.

The result was it cut holes through the surface into the ditch, but the pressure was so great that earth and water went through the ditch as if coming from a squirt gun. To meet this I filled up these holes with small stone to the surface, or stoned up miniature wells with a stone cover. Few would now suspect to see the field that it was once swamp and $800 worth of ditches lay underneath. After some fifteen or twenty years there is not a rod of ground but what a mowing machine or a plow can be run over. I have taken every thing off the land for twenty years and seldom put any thing back, and with few exceptions have had good crops. I consider the money well invested, aside from the fact that such stagnant ponds are unhealthy and unattractive.

I think I might have used drain tile in part at much less cost, as the bottom was so soft in places that I could sink down by my own weight, and I had to put boards in the bottom to keep the stone from sinking into the soft clay. Across the upper end I filled the ditch above the sluice entirely full of stone to catch the surface water that came down from a swamp above and prevent it irrigating the surface of my field.

ENEMIES OF THE POTATO.

They Are Many and One of the Worst Is Man Himself.

One could almost say that man is one of the worst enemies of the potato, if we may judge from the manner in which he sometimes neglects one of his best of vegetable friends. While it requires a warm, rich soil, he gives it a water-soaked clay bed, and when the feeble plants come to the surface no encouragement is given them to struggle against the weeds that threaten to choke out the last spark of life.

Many insects prey upon the narcotic herbage of the potato, the most destructive of which is the Colorado beetle. But with this well under subjection by a fully understood plan of applying London purple or Paris green, there remains now only to develop the methods of overcoming the blights and rots, the worst of which is the so-called wet rot. This is due to the growth of a low form of vegetation closely related to the mildew of the grape. It first appears on the leaves as frosty patches, and from there it grows down the stems, and finally its slender threads reach the tubers, causing them to rot.

From the fact that the leaves are first attacked, and the rot works down the stems to the potatoes, it is evident that when the leaves and stems are dying prematurely the tubers should be dug at once. Let the potatoes dry thoroughly in the field after digging, and store only the sound ones in a dry place with a good circulation of air. Avoid a damp, poorly ventilated room. The vines and all decayed tubers left in the field should be burned.

As preventive measures at planting time it may be suggested that a second crop should not be grown where the previous crop failed from the rot. The seed should be free from the trouble, and therefore only sound potatoes are suitable for planting. Early varieties, planted early, are most apt to escape, for the rot does not get started usually until midsummer. Experience has demonstrated that it is best to hill the potatoes somewhat at the last plowing, as many germs of the disease fall from the leaves and are washed down to the tubers with the rains.—American Agriculturist.

Protecting Small Bridges and Culverts.

The greatest danger to bridges and culverts occurs at flood or high water time, when driftwood chokes the waterway under the bridge, causing overflow and often great damage and destruction.

METHOD OF PROTECTING CULVERTS.

The danger may be greatly obviated by following the plan herewith illustrated. It consists simply in setting a stout post from two to four feet from the entrance to the bridge, on the up-stream side. All driftwood and flotsam, instead of floating down against the walls of the bridge, lodge against the post in midstream. Even should the space between the post and abutments on both sides be filled with rubbish the mouth of the bridge will remain unobstructed, and the water will flow through, under and over the obstruction with perfect freedom.

—A Weighty Objection—Stationer—"This writing paper is very cheap, for it is extra heavy." Siebenstein—"Den id von'd do. It makes der postages cost more, don'd id?"—Drake's Magazine.

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SILO SUGGESTIONS.

Prof. Sanborn Discusses Some Interesting Points on Putting Down Silage.

The public seems to have settled into the conviction that silage does not need weighting and that well-matured fodder-corn is better than green fodder. I have not a particle of doubt that both the weight and the quality of corn, and of most, if not all, cattle foods increase on the one hand and improve on the other.

Some ten years ago I carried on experiments with early and later cut hay, or hay cut in bloom and hay cut after the seed had formed. These trials continued for four years. Their result was such that I strongly affirmed that hay cut at the time of bloom neither weighed as much as hay cut at seed formation nor was as nutritious—pound against pound. I have found no one of acknowledged scientific authority in agriculture who will admit this latter cutting of timothy to be the best practice, yet the time is near by when this truth will have to be accepted. Every scrap of evidence that has been accumulated since that time bearing directly on the subject confirms the claim then made by me. There will be more pounds of valuable nutrition grown per acre in fodder-corn when planted so that maturity can be approximated than in any other way.

But this means that fodder-corn at its best must be cut after it has begun to dry, for in the ripening stage the water of a plant decreases in its percentage amounts. This decrease of the relative amount of water in a plant begins approximately at bloom, or water decreases in the corn plant long before it is at its best for cutting for maximum food per acre. The result of the decrease of water in the plant is necessarily the increase of air in it, for if the cells are in any measure emptied of water air must fill its place. I hold, therefore, that the ripe fodder cut for the silo of today carries into it more air. The effect of this increased air taken into the silo I suppose must be an increased fermentation in the silo and consequent loss of material.

The amount of air taken into the silo in the pores of late cut corn-fodder will not be the only mischief of this late cutting; the fodder will not weigh as much, and will therefore lay up lighter in the silo and leave larger air spaces around each cut piece. As exclusion of air is the central idea involved in the silo it would seem to me that the system of later cutting of silage now adopted rather increases the need of weighting than decreases it. The presence of air